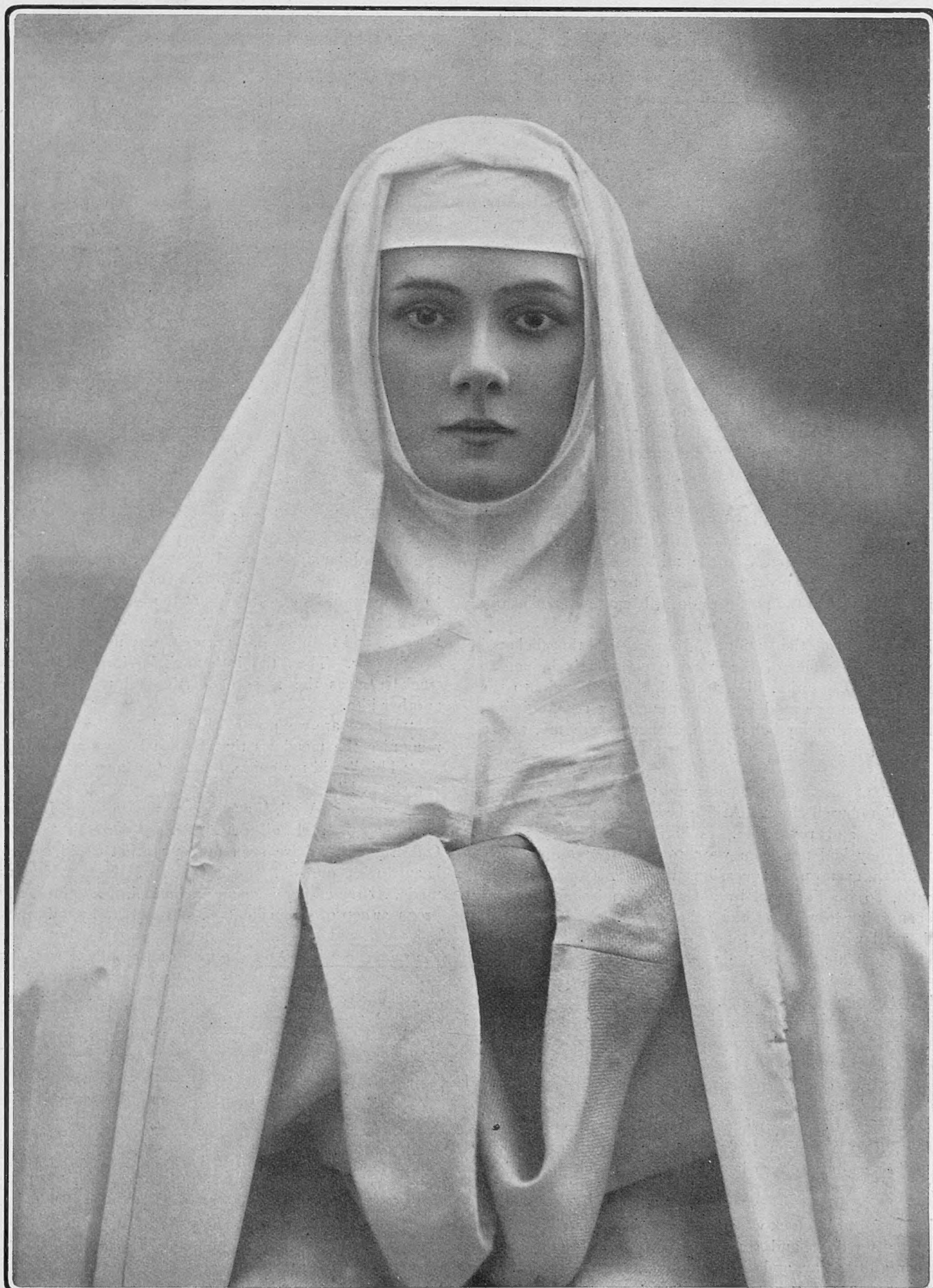


The Sketch

No. 686.—Vol. LIII.

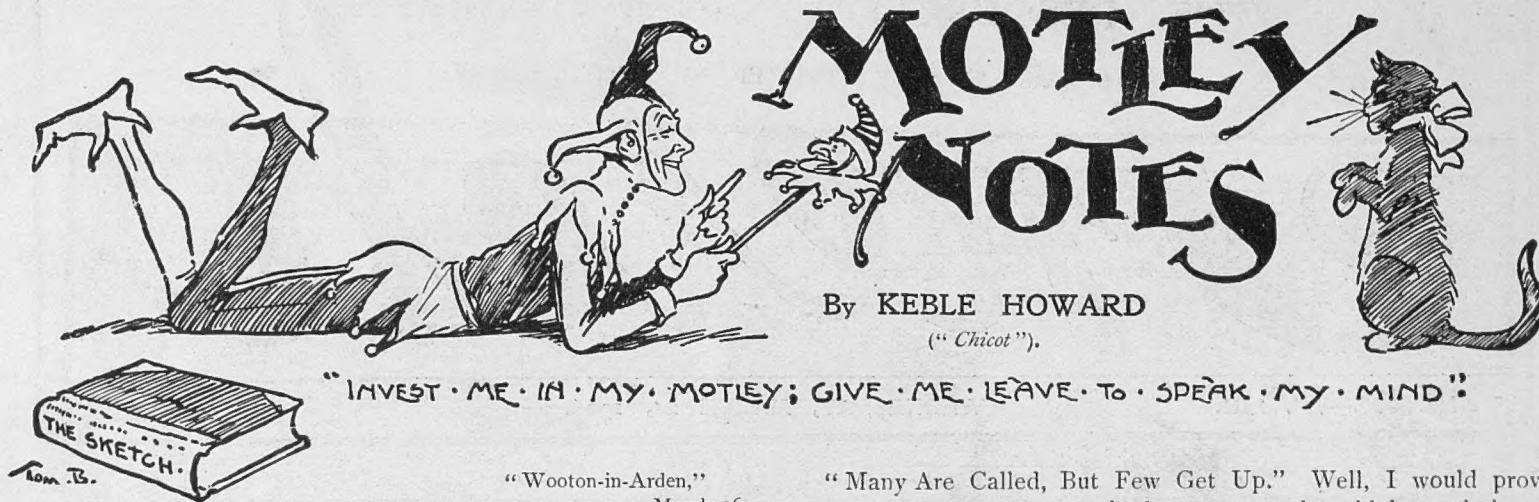
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



"MEASURE FOR MEASURE," AT THE ADELPHI: MISS LILY BRAYTON AS ISABELLA.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



THOSE two or three days of sweet sunshine that set all London a-smiling last week, friend the reader, made me think with longing of the winding township in the heart of pastoral Warwickshire to which I have ventured, in a certain story, to give the name that stands at the head of these notes. It was nearly fifteen months since I had found my way to the Forest that Shakspeare loved, and, as we drew out smoothly from the aristocratic gloom of Paddington, I wondered what changes, if any, had befallen the straggling settlement and its inhabitants. Were Mr. and Mrs. Shakspeare (Jane Box that was) still living amicably in the queer little toll-house at the head of the village? Had the Rev. George Goodacre, the faithful Vicar, managed to secure his annual visit to the sea last summer? How many inches had time added to the stature of Naboth? Miss Carroway, of course, would be busy in her wonderful garden, carefully guarded by Wisdom the Terrible. And what of Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Hatch? Might one hope that Miss Alicia Snitterfield had secured a husband, in spite of her well-known contempt for the male sex? Then there was Miriam Goodacre—"little mother"—who, on the occasion of Stella's wedding, had adopted so imperious an attitude towards the large, clumsy, good-natured Mr. Baker. Something surely must come of that dream on the hill-top. And I should see Ted Bailey, and Mrs. Luckman, and—

"Wooton-in-Arden! Wooton-in-Arden!" called the porter. (I may just mention in passing that, as the tiny train cannot go any further without toppling head-first into the mill-stream—a feat which it has once achieved—there is no actual necessity to call out the name of the station. Still, we like the porter to do it, because it makes our special line seem more like the real thing.)

It was quite dark outside the station, and the gas-jets that flickered at long intervals on either side of the broad street merely helped to heighten the general obscurity. I scarcely looked, though, to the right or left. The morning would be soon enough for reconnoitring. In the meantime, London lay behind me, dinner before me, and a pleasant prospect of a few idle days.

I was awakened at four the following morning by the booming, just overhead, of the church clock. At five I was again awakened by a sound of singing and roystering. What in the world was the meaning of it? They had not been wont to keep it up quite so late at Wooton-in-Arden, even on the occasions when "A Concert, Vocal and Instrumental, To Be Followed by a Dance, Admission Sixpence Extra" had been going forward in the schoolroom. And then, as I grew clearer-headed with the first touch of sunlight on the waving blind, I found an explanation of the mystery. A new railway was being made on the far side of the village. There was to be a station just at the back of the Pink Cygnet, and there were a thousand navvies lodging in or near the village, and one would be able to get to Bardstown in twelve minutes instead of going all round the county and changing three times, and the Bowling-Green had been destroyed, and, taking one consideration with another, it was all very exciting and important. The noise of singing presumably came from the navvies on their way to work. I envied the men who could sing when they were on their way to work at five in the morning. It did one good to have heard them, and I felt proportionately grateful.

As the same patient old clock was telling the hour of eight, there came a light tap at my door, and somebody brought me a cup of tea. The tea stood on a little tray, and between the cup and the tray was a little mat that bore on either side of it the following inscriptions: "Awake! Awake! The Joys of the Morning Take!" and, in a regretful tone, as though the worker had anticipated the worst,

"Many Are Called, But Few Get Up." Well, I would prove that to me, at any rate, no such eloquent appeal could be made in vain. I rolled out of bed, sprang across the landing, and fell into the bath.

"What," I asked at breakfast, "is that continual hissing noise, and rattling of chains?"

Oh, that was the "steam-navvy," a huge machine for scooping up earth, a ton or two at a time. I began to share in the general excitement over the new railway, and ten o'clock saw me making for the narrow pathway that leads past Shakspeare's toll-house into "Love Lane." "Used to lead," I ought to say, for "Love Lane," alas! is no more. The gentle trysting-place of so many youths and maidens, the pleasant glade where the June leaves, dancing in the tree-tops, would exchange shy, hasty kisses in the breeze, the picturesque wagon-way for blundering, top-heavy harvest-carts, the sanctuary of violets, primroses, bluebells, forget-me-nots, wood-anemones, and the rest, has given place to square wooden sheds with zinc roofs, where ruthless, prosaic engineers, heedless of fond memories, make dull plans on crackling paper and despatch innumerable orders, I presume, for more coal. Farewell, dear old "Love Lane"! We shall not forget you as we crunch our despondent way along the cynical cinder-track fifty yards away that these railway-fiends have given us in your stead. Cinders, by the way, should be first cousins to good intentions.

I was still thinking sadly of "Love Lane" when I came, quite suddenly, upon the "steam-navvy." An uncanny monster, friend the reader, and an awesome. Imagine a huge, gaping, hungry mouth at the end of a long neck of iron. A chain rattles and the mouth drops to the ground, its chin resting at the foot of the bank of earth that is to be eaten. A touch of a lever, and the great teeth are plunged into the soil, and the mouth, tearing its way upwards, is gradually filled to overflowing. Then the iron neck is slowly twisted round, an empty truck receives the mass of earth, and the steam-navvy returns for another bite.

"Where are we now?" I asked, for it was almost impossible to recognise the meadows that I have known and loved so long.

"This," said my guide, "was once the old Bowling-Green. Isn't it a shame!"

A shame? Well, if anger were not so futile, I would use a harder word than that. In all my wanderings through the country havens of Old England I have seen few spots that could compare in peaceful beauty with our old Bowling-Green. Heaven knows when it was made. I remember it as an enchanted, mysterious, smooth, strangely green sweep of exquisite turf, surrounded by tall trees, with garden-seats here and there, and at one end a little hut in which were kept the sacred bowls. And the men of the village would assemble there in the cool of the summer evening, and smoke their pipes, and drink their beer or cider, and lay small bets as the heavy, awkward ball trundled towards the jack. . . . And now the old Bowling-Green had gone the way of "Love Lane," and the greedy steam-navvy was eating up the foundations thereof.

A very old man, well known to me for many years, stood near, and mouthed with toothless jaws.

"What do you think of the changes?" I said, for lack of a better opening.

He raised a hand that trembled to his ear. "Eh?" he said.

"What do you think of all these changes?" I shouted.

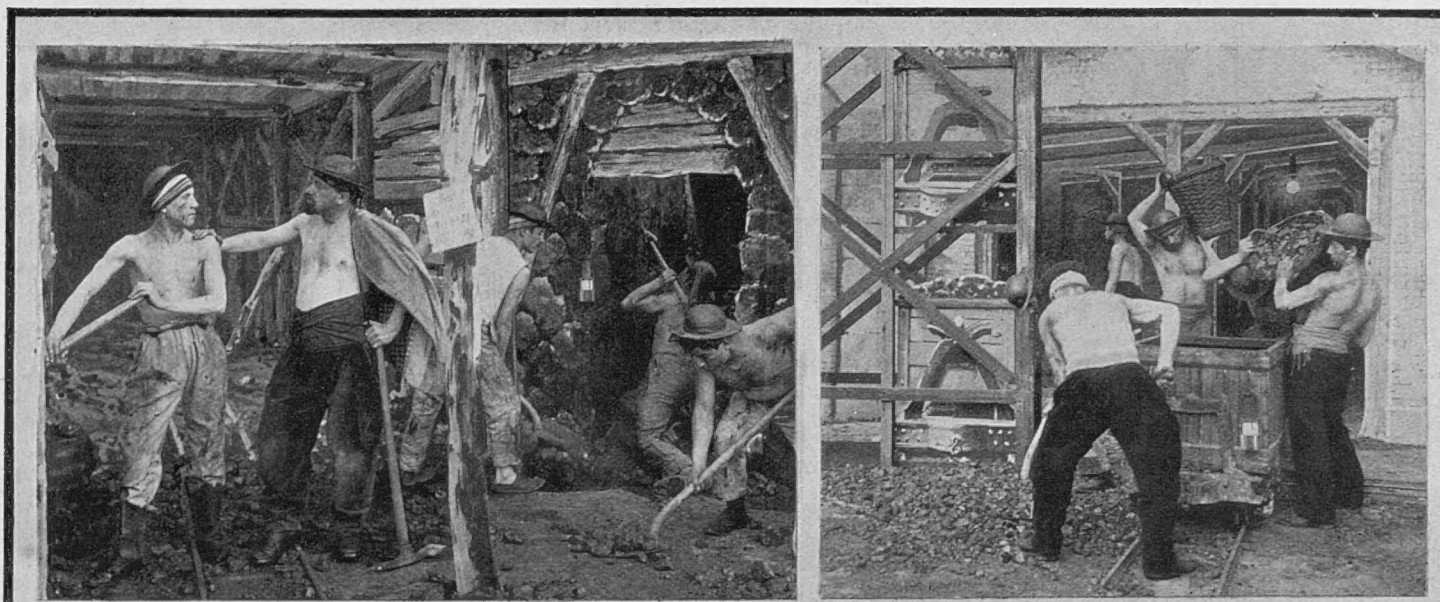
The old man slowly shook his head.

"Seems to me," he mumbled, "as it don't do for folks to live too long. Now I can remember playin' a game o' bowls on that there green—"

"Get back!" shouted somebody. The great mouth swallowed the very spot upon which we had been standing.

THE RESOURCEFUL CINEMATOGGRAPH :

THE FRENCH MINE DISASTER BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



In one of the Galleries.

Filling one of the lift-boxes with coal.



Rescuers at work after an explosion in the mine



Miners going down to their work.

Bringing up bodies after the explosion.

RESCUE WORK AND INCIDENTS OF A FRENCH MINER'S LIFE, ARRANGED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CINEMATOGGRAPH OPERATOR.

The pictures here given are some of an ingenious set arranged for the cinematograph, and form an interesting sequel to those showing an Anarchist at work, recently published in "The Sketch."

Photographs by the Pathé Cinematograph Company; supplied by the Topical Press.

THE CLUBMAN.

Canon Horsley and Snails—Prunier's—How a Snail Should be Cooked—Snails in London—The Romans as Snail-Eaters—Roman Cookery.

CANON HORSLEY, who advocates snails as food, has never eaten any. I have, for there are very few forms of strange food that I have not experimented upon, and I cannot say that I like the delicacy. There is an earthy richness about a snail which does not commend itself to me. There is a street near the Halles, in Paris, where every other shop has for its sign a golden snail, and where, in boxes covered with wire netting—for the Paris gamin is apt to whip a snail off a stall as a relish for his *déjeuner* if he get the chance—are hundreds of thousands of the *escargots*. There are the big Burgundian snails, with beautifully polished yellow shells, and the smaller snails of Bordeaux; there are snails from the vineyards outside Rheims; there are snails with shells striped like tigers, and others with the colours of an agate. It is one of the sights of Paris.

But the rather rough-and-ready eating-houses in the streets round the Halles are not the best restaurants in Paris at which to taste a snail for the first time. The bouquet which strikes one's nose as one goes in is rather overwhelming. There is an oyster-shop with which most men who know their Paris are acquainted. It is Prunier's, in the Rue Duphot, near the Madeleine, where oysters cooked in every way possible, *sauté* and as a *pilau* amongst others, are obtainable in the restaurant attached to the shop, and at Prunier's the best snails in Paris are to be found.

The Canon's recipe for cleaning and cooking snails is of the very rough-and-ready kind, and it does not need his statement to show that he is not an eater of snails, though he advises others to eat them. Prunier boils his snails in a liquid which is partly composed of good white wine, with a little garlic and bay-leaves, thyme, onions, and carrots in it. The snails are served in small silver bowls, and the weapon of offence is a two-pronged silver fork. The first time that one holds a long black steaming thing on a fork, and hesitates whether to put it into one's mouth or not, is rather a strange moment.

Most people who try the experiment of snail-eating take the snail out of their mouths quicker than they put it in. Burgundy is the correct wine to drink with your snails.

It is easy enough for any philanthropist who wishes to know what kind of food this new luxury for the poor is to try the experiment in London. In Soho there are several shops where the big Burgundian snails, neatly sealed up in their shells by a *farce* of butter and eschalot, pepper, garlic, and parsley, are to be bought, and may be cooked at home—and one's first snail had better, perhaps, be eaten in domestic privacy; and there is a pleasant little restaurant in Jermyn Street, not a stone's-throw from Piccadilly Circus, to which I have more than once personally conducted bold spirits who thought they would like to try a diet of snails.

Snail soup as a common article of diet would be a less objectionable dish than the gravelly morsels that the Canon wishes our cottagers to put in their daily bill of fare. The best snail soup, however, requires a good *consommé* as its basis, and a cottager who could afford to make a *consommé* would most certainly throw the snails over the hedge. I have tasted a snail soup which I could not distinguish from the *Bêche de Mer* soup, to which the sea-slugs from the Loo Choo Islands give a peculiar richness and an almost imperceptible twang of the sea. It may interest possible snail-eaters to know that in England are to be found some of the best snails, from a gourmet's point of view, in the world, though a supreme expert is supposed not to care for any snail unless it has eaten nothing but

vine-leaves. When the Romans invaded Britain they found there the best oysters in the universe, and the officers quartered in the conquered territory used to send oysters, kept fresh by Apicius's great discovery, to their friends in Gallia, and even to Rome; but the snails in the British forests and on the British hills were not considered up to the mark.

The Romans on detachment in the South of England imported their snails; and the descendants of the toothful *escargots* which the centurions and the præfects brought over and acclimatised may still be found crawling on the Surrey downs. It is curious what a mark Roman *gourmandise* has left on some countries. The Roman snails we have with us still, and anyone who has seen the masses of oyster-shells which have been unearthed at Silchester, where the shellfish-shops stood in the precincts of the forum, can understand how it is that the Briton has always been a confirmed eater of oysters, even when their price went up to four-and-sixpence a dozen.

In France most of the great cooks come from the Midi, and most of the culinary missionaries who have come to our shores are men of that sunny Southern region—you will find, for instance, that Escoffier is a name which is constantly to be heard in the land of Provence. The reason why the Midi is the land of great cooks is that the traditions of the old Roman cookery still linger there more tenaciously even than they do in Italy itself, and the British diner-out of to-day, who has nothing but abuse for the memory of Nero and Heliogabalus and the other gorging Emperors, is really indirectly indebted to them for the excellent meal he gets when he dines at a first-class London restaurant.



THE MAKE-UP OF A "GHOST":
AN EX-MEDIUM'S OUTFIT.

The make-up of the "medium" referred to under our other illustration consisted of a mask of China silk, which fitted over his head, a paper mask, a piece of black cloth and a black sleeve, a wire coat-hanger, an iron hook, one or two wigs, an electric flashlight, and a few yards of wire. The "ghost" disappeared and reappeared by raising and lowering the black cloth, which was, of course, invisible in the dark.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

A "MEDIUM" AS A "GHOST": AN EX-GROCER'S DISGUISE AS A DWELLER IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

An ex-grocer in the Midlands turned "medium" the other day, but was speedily exposed. A darkened room was necessary to him, and also one particular chair. It was discovered that he carried the necessary apparatus for making "ghosts" in a cabinet in the back of that chair. In the dark it was comparatively easy for him, aided by a dummy head and other accessories, to pose as a spirit.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



AN AUTOMATIC MACHINE WHICH SUPPLIES AND PRINTS RAILWAY TICKETS: THE TESSEROGRAPH.

The tesserograph is the invention of an Italian, Count Piscicelli, and it prints, issues, and registers railway tickets with a speed that might satisfy the most impatient traveller. Although not on the "penny-in-the-slot" system, money being taken by the attendant, it is intended to protect the railway companies from dishonesty quite as much as to save time. The value, description, and number of each ticket are registered simultaneously with its printing and delivery, and the traveller, if he so desire, is told the price of any fare before he buys his ticket, by means of an automatic dial.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

THE AMATEUR SNAIL-HUNTER



MR. JONES (after reading Canon Horsley on the nutritious snail): IT CERTAINLY DOES SEEM WICKED—GOOD FOOD LIKE THIS BEING SO NEGLECTED; AND HOW FORTUNATE I FOUND OUT BEFORE OUR LITTLE PARTY TO-NIGHT!

Canon Horsley, lecturing to the Conchological Society the other night, declared that it was "a wicked waste to see great big snails crawling about unmolested and uneaten." He confessed that he had never eaten a snail, but argued that they are most nutritious. He suggested that the dish should be made as follows: "Throw a pinch of salt over them; cover them with warm bilge-water; strain off; serve on dish with cut brown bread and butter, slices of lemon, and pins."

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

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A TUNNEL UNDER BEHRING STRAITS
THE FOUCQUET MINIATURES PRESENTED TO
FRANCE BY THE KING.
THE HIGH TIDE ON THE MEDWAY

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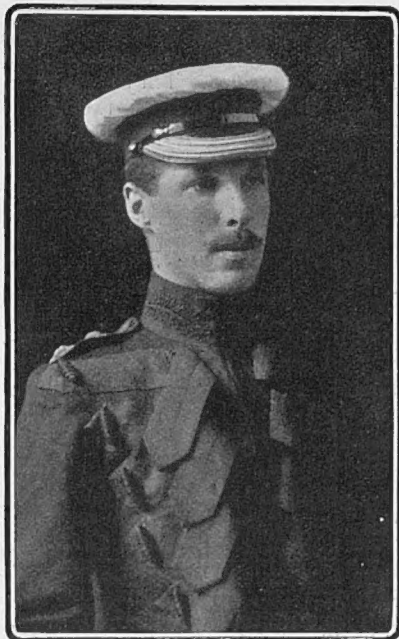
SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



THE HON. COULSON CHURCHILL FELLOWES,
WHO IS ENGAGED TO MISS JEFFERSON.

The Hon. Coulson Fellowes, who is a Lieutenant in the 1st Life Guards, is the heir of the second Baron de Ramsey, for some time Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria.

Photograph by Mayall and Co.

in Corsica that the royal yacht will touch there, and certainly there is something piquant in the thought of George the Third's great-grandson making a pilgrimage to the house where Napoleon was born and bred. Their Majesties may extend their cruise as far as Greece, which in early spring is a miracle of beauty.

*Queen Victoria's
Early Letters
"Passed" by the
King.*

The news that before leaving England the King passed the final proofs of the late Sovereign's letters, prepared for press and edited by Lord Esher and Mr. Arthur Benson, is of the highest interest. Queen Victoria was an admirable letter-writer, and all through her life she spent many hours each day at her writing-table. This special collection of letters was written quite early in her reign, but that makes them all the more interesting from the historical and social point of view.



THE DISAGREEMENT BETWEEN MRS. FRANKAU AND MR. ALFRED GILBERT, R.A.: MRS. FRANKAU ("FRANK DANBY").

Photograph supplied by the Press Picture Agency.

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

IT is, of course, untrue that the details of his Majesty's coming yachting tour are not settled; but they are being kept, and wisely so, rigidly private. Strange though it must appear to all right-minded people, the presence of even a very minor royal yacht on the ocean highway means a good deal of indiscreet "seamobbing," and this original expression was actually invented by a pretty British Princess who is very fond of the sea. Their Majesties will meet at Marseilles early in April, and from thence will, it is to be hoped, enjoy a really pleasant and health-giving cruise. It is thought

*A Lenten
Engagement.*

Early marriages are the fashion among future Peers. Just on Lord Kelburne's engagement follows that of the Hon. Coulson Fellowes, the eldest son and heir of Lord de Ramsey, and so, through his mother, connected with the whole of the brilliant Churchill clan, for Lady de Ramsey was one of the many clever daughters of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. Mr. Fellowes' fiancée is Miss Jefferson, the daughter of one of Society's more modest millionaires. The future Peeress is pretty and unaffected, and has helped her mother to do the honours of her parents' fine house in Berkeley Square.

*Mrs. Frankau and
Mr. Alfred Gilbert.*

As might have been anticipated, even by those who lay no claim to be Old Moores or Madame Thêbeses, the news of the disagreement between Mrs. Frankau and Mr. Alfred Gilbert over the monument of the late Mr. Frankau caused considerable sensation in literary and artistic society. Both "parties" are more than ordinarily interesting. *Place aux dames!* Mrs. Julia Frankau is best known, perhaps, as "Frank Danby," author of those exceedingly clever novels "A Babe in Bohemia," "Pigs in Clover," and "Baccarat." She began her career by flirting mildly with journalism, and was numbered amongst the contributors to the *Saturday*. Then she abandoned writing for a time, in favour of the study of engraving. Later she produced, amongst other works, "Lives of James and William Ward," "Eighteenth Century Colour Prints," a "Life of John Raphael Smith," and the works of fiction already mentioned. Her hobbies are curiously contrasted, symbolical of the old world and the new—needlework and bridge. Mr. Gilbert is an M.V.O. and D.C.L., as well as an R.A. He was elected A.R.A. in 1887, was promoted to the higher order five years later, and has been Professor of Sculpture at the Royal Academy since 1900. Amongst his best-known works are the Shaftesbury Fountain in Piccadilly Circus, the Duke of Clarence Memorial, Bombay's statue of Lord Reay, busts of Henry Fawcett and other eminent men, and "The Kiss of Victory." He was born in 1854, ten years before Mrs. Frankau.

*The Cost of the
Presidency of the
United States.*

An American journal, apparently intent on proving that the salary of the Presidents of the United States is sufficient, although not a "cinch" from the monetary point of view, gives some interesting figures showing the income and certain items of the expenditure of the elect of the people. In all, the dollars that flow into the Presidential coffers in the course of each year number 134,064, rather over £27,000, the said dollars being apportioned in this wise: salary, 50,000; 36,064 for the salaries of clerks and others; 8000 for incidental expenses; 40,000 under another heading. Out of this Mr. President has to pay a private secretary £677 11s. 8d., an assistant private secretary £468 15s., a stenographer and a steward £375 each, five messengers, two doorkeepers, and a night usher £250 each, two ushers at £250 and £291 13s. 4d., a telegraph-operator, four clerks at salaries ranging from £312 10s. to £520 16s. 8d., a watchman at £187 10s., and a man to look after the fires, £180. Then come such items as £2604 3s. 4d. for the repairs and refurnishing of the White House, £520 16s. 8d. for fuel, £833 6s. for the greenhouse, and £3125 for gas, matches, and the stables. Add to this the cost of entertaining and those hundred and one more or less expensive details of the running of a large household, and one would hesitate to say that it is possible to save money out of the funds voted for the upkeep of the Presidential state.



THE DISAGREEMENT BETWEEN MRS. FRANKAU AND MR. ALFRED GILBERT, R.A.: MR. ALFRED GILBERT.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Her Grace of Westminster. The mistress of Eaton Hall and of Grosvenor House enjoys a social pre-eminence which many a Continental Queen-Consort might envy, and the present Duchess of Westminster has shown herself admirably suited to carry on the great traditions of her two predecessors. It



HER GRACE OF WESTMINSTER: THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

Photograph by Speaight.

seldom happens that the two daughters of a commoner become severally a Princess and a Duchess, but that pleasant fate befell the Misses Cornwallis-West, the elder of the two sisters, when only seventeen, becoming Princess Henry of Pless, the bride of one of the most interesting of German potentates. As Miss Constance Cornwallis-West, the Duchess of Westminster was said to be the wittiest girl in Society. Her marriage, as all the world knows, was quite a romance, for the young Duke, as Lord Belgrave, had become attached to her when still a schoolboy. The Duchess has given more than one "Royal" party at Grosvenor House, and it is said that she will entertain there on a very large scale this season.

The Duke of Lancaster. A very pretty attention, which has not been noticed in the English papers, was paid to King Edward when he arrived at Biarritz. His rooms were beautifully decorated with red roses, and his Majesty at once saw the point of the compliment, for he was travelling in France incognito, and the Red Rose is the badge of the Dukes of Lancaster. Shakspeare makes the Earl of Somerset say in the Temple Gardens, "Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer, but dare maintain the party of the truth, pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

A Brilliant Parliamentary Début. Among many clever maiden speeches in the new Parliament the most brilliant up to the present has been that of Mr. Frederick Smith, a young Conservative from Liverpool. Mr. Smith followed up a distinguished career at Oxford by rapid success at the Liverpool Bar, and now, at the age of thirty-four, he makes a most promising start in the House of Commons. His speech in the Fiscal debate held the House in roars of laughter for nearly an hour. It was full of satire and smart phrases and epigrams, and some of its personalities went straight to their mark. Mr. Smith has a pleasant voice, which reaches far without effort, and he is untroubled by diffidence. He caused quite a sensation by his achievement. Even the grave face of Mr. Morley relaxed as he listened to the witticisms of the new member.

The Labour Members. Although the Labour members take an independent line, and express views which startle and shock old-fashioned politicians in the House of Commons, they are not in the least unpopular. On the contrary, they

are personally liked. They are not at all of the rowdy sort, or even of the mob orator type, but are, as a rule, thoughtful men who might figure in novels as Chartist or Radical heroes. They associate together a good deal in the smoking-room. Most of them are teetotalers, but their abstinence does not extend in many cases to tobacco. It is generally admitted that they have shown how to combine rugged independence with good manners. Several of them are found most interesting companions.

The King of Spain's Day. The engagement of the King of Spain has attracted an immense amount of attention on the Continent; in fact, considerably more than it has in England. A member of the Court circle at Madrid has published an account of how the King spends his day. Alfonso XIII. rises very early both summer and winter, and breakfasts with the Queen-mother and his sister. Then he reads his private letters, receives the Duke of Sotomayor, and transacts State business. At eleven o'clock he watches the changing of the guard at the Palace, and the parade which follows it every morning at the same hour. At twelve o'clock he receives the Premier, the Captain-General, the Governor of Madrid, and the Prefect of Police. Then at one o'clock he has luncheon, after which he goes out for the afternoon, generally in his motor-car, but sometimes on horseback. From six to eight in the evening the King receives the great dignitaries of the Court, and soon after eight he dines with his mother and sister, the gentleman-in-waiting, the officer of the guard, and one or two friends. Then at eleven o'clock King Alfonso goes to bed, having done a good day's work.

An Original Hostess. In these days, when originality is at a premium, Society owes a real debt of gratitude to Mrs. Hwfa Williams, and incidentally to her husband, for he was largely instrumental in founding both Sandown Park and the brilliant, if not altogether lucky, "Niagara." Mrs. Williams has lately spent much of the year in the country, but during the 'nineties she originated many fresh ways of entertaining fair women and brave men. Thus, it was she who "invented" the restaurant dinner at a time when Society supped, but seldom dined, anywhere but in a private house. She is also credited with having originated the



AN ORIGINAL HOSTESS: MRS. HWFA WILLIAMS.

Photograph by Thomson.

dinner-dance and with having brought the foreign love of cotillions to London. Of late, Mrs. Hwfa Williams has taken her place among country hostesses. She entertains largely at Combe Springs, a beautiful place within an easy motor-run from town. There, each season, delightful garden-fêtes are held by the hostess and her daughter, and on one occasion an outdoor gathering of the kind wound up with supper, at which sixty-four London friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hwfa Williams sat down.

The New Chairman of the L.C.C.

Mr. Evan Spicer, who has been elected to succeed Sir Edwin Cornwall as Chairman of the L.C.C., and, presumably, osculator in ordinary to the *Entente Municipale*, is a most worthy and experienced member of the body of which he is now the head—he has been one of its

limbs (the word is not used in its slang sense) for nine years or so. He is a principal of the well-known firm of paper manufacturers, and he brings to his new task not only the valuable training of a man of commerce, but an excellent example of the Nonconformist conscience.

A Stage Device in Real Life.

The Baroness Orczy, author of that most popular, if somewhat artless, play, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," must be congratulated on having, in a measure, anticipated for stage purposes an occurrence in life as it is lived before the footlights. Those who have seen the production referred to will remember

THE
MOST TALKED-OF
WOMEN IN
MOSCOW AND
ST. PETERSBURG.

watching the coming and going of candidates for portfolios. The passers-by, much interested, inquired what was happening. One of the scribes remarked in solemn tones: "A dreadful crime has just been committed in this house, and we are keeping watch on the criminal." When M. Sarrien's *conciierge* put his head out of the door a few minutes later, a thousand people had gathered, and were looking long and earnestly at the house.

Fiction and Foreign Relations.

Poor Mr. Le Queux is naturally indignant that "C.-B." should condemn unread his as yet unpublished novel, of which a very large and skilful advertisement appeared in the daily papers last week. As if to increase the irony of the situation, it was a brother author, Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, M.P., who raised the question in the House, and Mr. Le Queux evidently thinks that the hon.

member has by no means added a feather to his cap. Has the Prime Minister ever heard of Sir George

Chesney and his famous booklet, "The Battle of Dorking," which appeared first in *Blackwood*, and became a sort of classic? Let Mr.

Le Queux be consoled by the thought that his new story has got a first-rate extra advertisement, and let both Mr. Lehmann and "C.-B." reconsider the idea that serial fiction could really embroil us with—well, Germany.

A Notable Journalist.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey, who was "dined" by the Authors' Club last Monday, March 19, certainly deserved the honour, for, whatever may be thought of the *Spectator's* politics, its literary criticisms are acknowledged to be admirable. Mr. Strachey comes of the distinguished Anglo-Indian family of Stracheys, and his elder brother, Sir Edward, third Baronet and M.P., is Treasurer of the Household in the new Ministry. Mr. Strachey is a Balliol man, who got on the *Spectator* in R. H. Hutton's day, and, with an interval of editing the *Cornhill*, there remained, till he is now proprietor as well as editor. He also ran the *County Gentleman* as a side show. Mr. Strachey has a beautiful house near Guildford.

The Wedding-Gift Tax.

Rumour hath it that a determined effort is about to be made in the direction of abolishing the wedding-present tax. This social obligation presses most hardly, it seems, on those happy, irresponsible individuals whom a witty *grande dame* nicknamed "the little brothers of the rich." They go everywhere, they are entertained by everybody, their incomes are strictly limited, they live, as one of them plaintively explained, "on credit and expectations," and, as a result, they deeply resent the wedding tax. The gifts showered on fashionable brides would mean, if capitalised, a decent income for humbler folk.



MOSCOW.—MLLE. TAMARA, "THE ESPERANTO NIGHTINGALE."

Mlle. Tamara has created considerable sensation and interest in Moscow by singing topical songs written in Esperanto. It is not stated what proportion of her audience understands her.

that the hero and heroine render helpless the spy who is dogging them by filling his snuff-box with cayenne pepper—a ruse that enables them to thrust the Fouché-like person into a cellar, and stand on the trap-door of the temporary prison long enough to sing "Eldorado" before they make their escape. Now we have a policeman capturing a thief with the aid of the same pungent domestic spice. Passing a public-house, the ingenious P.C. heard a noise within it, and noted that a window-pane was broken. Thereupon he secured cotton wool and cayenne pepper, scattered the latter on the former, lit the result, and put it through the broken window. Instantly someone coughed. Assistance was telephoned for, the house was entered, and a catch was made. It would be interesting to know whether the policeman had seen "The Scarlet Pimpernel" incident.

Sarrien Stories. During the French Cabinet crisis, M. Sarrien, the new Prime Minister, conferred with his future colleagues at his house, near the Paris Observatory. At the first meeting, M. Sarrien graciously performed the honours of his house, and loaded the sideboard with refreshments for the guests. "What will you take?" he said, addressing M. Clémenceau. "The Interior," was the surprising answer, the reference being, of course, to the Ministry of the Interior. The host was a little nonplussed. Before he could reply, another guest—it was M. Bourgeois this time—interposed with: "And I, Foreign Affairs." Not to be outdone, M. Briand said, in his turn: "And I, Public Instruction." This, at least, is the story as it goes in Paris. One is a little suspicious, however, after the trick that was played on the public. A group of journalists hung about the Prime Minister's house



ST. PETERSBURG.—MLLE. TCHERNIAVSKAIA, WHO IS CLAIMING DAMAGES FROM A DIMPLE-CUTTER.

Much interest is being taken in St. Petersburg in the case of Mlle. Tcherniavskaja, who claims 1500 roubles as damages from a fashionable dimple-cutter whom she employed to make dimples on her knees. It is alleged that the dimple-cutter in question did his work in such a manner that the dancer was confined to her bed for several weeks. The defendant, in mitigation of the supposed offence, is said to have quoted a famous poet, who wrote that no one who could not endure pain could hope to be beautiful.

Beautiful Children in Society.

Twentieth-century Society is noted for the extreme beauty of its children, and certainly never more than now were little people more brought forward and cherished. Queen Alexandra delights in gathering together the boys and girls of her acquaintance, and where her Majesty leads the way there are many hostesses eager to follow. Among the tiny belles of to-day may be specially mentioned the little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. "Lulu" Harcourt. They are, through their popular mother, half American, and have all the dainty charm and independence always associated with Transatlantic femininity. Yet another singularly lovely child is Miss Sylvia Paget, the granddaughter of the late Lord Winchelsea, and the daughter of Mr. Richard and Lady Muriel Paget. Mrs. Harold Reckitt's little girl Nancy is a perfect example of what foreigners mean when they go into raptures over the beauty of English children.

Chancellor and Cricketer.

Lord Loreburn, who is to be "dined" to-night (March 21) by the New Reform Club, is already discovering that the stuffing of the Woolsack contains certain thorns. "Bob" Reid, like his colleague, Mr. John Morley, and like Lord James of Hereford, was at Cheltenham School, whence he won a Balliol scholarship, took two firsts and the "Ireland," and played for Oxford at Lord's for several years. He also got his "half-Blue" for racquets, and is acknowledged to be a rare good fellow, although an unrepentant pro-Boer. There is a story that on Mafeking night he and Mr. Lloyd-George mingled with the crowds in the streets, but he did not enjoy the "ticklers" as much as the merry little Welshman did. His Lordship believes himself to be the most Radical member of the present Cabinet. Certainly, lawyers are looking to him for sweeping reforms in our legal system, or want of system, while he is also being pressed to make Liberal J.P.s wholesale. Of course, he is a much bigger man, but when he sits on the Woolsack with his enormous wig on, his face looks uncannily like that of his predecessor, Lord Halsbury.

The Royal Betrothal.

The old saying that "all the world loves a lover" is pleasantly exemplified in the Anglo-Spanish betrothal. Princess Ena of Battenberg will always be able to look back to an almost cloudless courtship, and how few Queens could say as much! The next item in King Alfonso's unconventional and ardent wooing will be his Majesty's flying visit to Osborne Cottage. The Isle of Wight is, in a sense, Princess Henry of Battenberg's special domain, and there the Sovereign-lover's arrival is being awaited with breathless interest. First, however, the young King must make his State progress to the Canaries.

Social Changes at St. Stephen's.

With new men, there are many social changes in the House of Commons. The present Parliament is much less luxurious than the last. There are fewer motors in Palace Yard. Fewer members dress for dinner. A larger number dine at the House, but probably it will be found that a greater proportion of the repasts are cheap. Formerly the dressing cubicles were crowded; now, as a rule, there is plenty of room. Even the barber at the House feels the change. He has fewer customers. A shave or a cut can be had cheaper in some other "shops."

A Barrie Theatre.

The news that Mr. Frohman has decided to name one of the two playhouses which he is building in New York after Mr. J. M. Barrie will give general joy on this side the Atlantic. Hitherto, if we regard Shakspeare as an exception, the actor-manager has had it pretty much his own way in the naming of theatres, and he has generally either used his own name or drawn inspiration from royalty. Hence we have Terry's, Wyndham's, and Daly's, together with His Majesty's, the Prince of Wales's, the Duke of York's, and the Court. But to name a theatre after a living playwright is, we fancy, unprecedented, and is a greater compliment than having a statue of yourself erected in your lifetime. Mr. Frohman has done a very graceful thing, which ought to become a precedent.



TINY BELLES OF TO-DAY: THE DAUGHTERS OF MRS. "LULU" HARCOURT.

Photograph by Speaight.



LADY MURIEL PAGET'S DAUGHTER: MISS SYLVIA PAGET.

Photograph by Speaight.



A CHARMING CHILD-TYPE: MISS NANCY RECKITT.

Photograph by Speaight.

PLAYERS OF THREE NATIONS.



MISS VIOLA ALLEN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. PETER DURYEA, THE MILLIONAIRE HORSEMAN OF NEW YORK AND LEXINGTON, IN AUGUST LAST, WAS KEPT SECRET UNTIL THIS YEAR.

Photograph by Byron.



MISS ALICE CRAWFORD AS ELINA GYLDENLÖVE IN HENRIK IBSEN'S "LADY INGER OF ØSTRAT," RECENTLY PRODUCED AT THE SCALA THEATRE BY THE STAGE SOCIETY.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



MR. HENRY AINLEY AS NILS LYKKE IN THE STAGE SOCIETY'S PRODUCTION OF "LADY INGER OF ØSTRAT."

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



Mlle. LÉONIE YAHNE, WHO APPEARED RECENTLY AT LONDON'S THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS, THE NEW ROYALTY.

Photograph by Reutlinger.



By E. A. B.

Railway-Ticket Frauds.

Should Mr. A. C. Morton's Bill concerning the return halves of railway-tickets become law, a vast amount of ingenuity now devoted to defrauding the railway companies will be liberated for other schemes. When a man has booked "first return" and been compelled by overcrowding to travel, one of twenty, in a third, he feels disposed to use up the return half of his ticket, even though it be time-expired. And he does use it, with or without excuse. There is a constant warfare between the ticket-collector and the man who means to have twenty shillings' worth of value for the pound he has expended. Records of ingenious frauds are preserved in the offices of some of the companies. Men have been known to keep a ticket for a whole year, to travel with it on the same day of the month a year after issue. Others, less patient, turn a facile pen to account by retouching the title into a new one, or making the date fit that of the day of travel. The instrument which punches the date on the ticket was expected to guard against this latter device; but it does not. A pen, in nimble fingers, effects an alteration impossible of detection until the ticket reaches the audit-office.

A G.N.R. Engine Held Up.

London conforms with striking celerity to new conditions. Here we are travelling by the new Tube, by ways hitherto unexplored, with as little concern or surprise as if the thing had been part and parcel of metropolitan transit from the beginning of time. Our fathers did not

was more successful in his bid for a carnation named after his wife, but he had to pay £6000 for his privilege.

A Tree of Fate. With the Empress Eugénie so actively interested in the match between King Alfonso and Princess Ena, there will be those at Windsor Castle who, perhaps, will be keeping an eye upon a famous blighted willow within the Castle



FRUIT AS A CURE FOR DISEASE: A MEAL FOR A PATIENT IN THE LADY MARGARET HOSPITAL, BROMLEY.

grounds. Perhaps in the Empress's happy occupation the tree may show signs of new life, for it is concerned in the fortunes of the family into which she married. Planted as a slip from that tree which grew over the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena, it flourished on the site of the last martyrdom by fire at Windsor. On the day of Sedan, however, a great storm broke over Windsor Castle, and a flash of lightning carried away the chief branch of the willow. Stunted, but not killed, the tree grew again until there came another furious storm. This time the second great arm of the tree was carried away. It happened in that very hour in which the Prince Imperial was slain by the assegais of Zulus far away in Africa.

Shoeless at Court. Notices of the Courts to be held by the King and Queen are out in good time, so that ladies fortunate enough to catch Lord Althorp's eye and receive the summons which, in his capacity as Lord Chamberlain, he will issue will have ample time for the ordering of their dresses. May they be more fortunate than a lady whose experience at the Russian Court Madame Waddington has described: "I can't bear it another moment!" she suddenly exclaimed, as they were all waiting for the Tsar and Tsaritsa to lead the way to supper; and so saying, she kicked off the slippers which were torturing her, and pushed them



THE FOOD CONSUMED IN A DAY BY A PATIENT AT THE HOSPITAL FOR THE TREATMENT OF DISEASE BY THE FRUITARIAN METHOD.

Our photographs were taken at the Lady Margaret Hospital, Bromley, an institution founded three years ago for the treatment of disease by the fruitarian method. During the past three years the hospital has had five hundred in-patients, from children to those over seventy years of age, and it is the experience of the chairman of the committee, Mr. Josiah Oldfield, that it is better for people who are ill to adopt a fruitarian diet. The nurses themselves prepare the food for the patients.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.

get their new railways so easily. When companies were first exploiting the Midlands and rivalry was keen, the contests extended from the Committee-rooms of Parliament to the tracks themselves. The first Great Northern Railway engine which appeared in a station at Nottingham did so, the rival companies asserted, in defiance of a legal injunction. So, taking the law into their own hands, the Midland wedged in the new-comer with a solid phalanx of engines, rounded up the trespasser, and, in spite of an attempt on the part of the latter's driver to butt his way through, towed it off in triumph to an old shed. Then the lines by which the engine had gone in were pulled up, and before the case could be settled in the Law Courts seven months of imprisonment had been undergone by the pioneer engine representative of the G.N.R.

Floral Gold Mines. A rose at any price is sweet, but other blooms have their value determined by the price they will command. It looks as though we are about to enter upon another season of high prices for flowers; already an enthusiast has paid £500 for an orchid. This, said in some quarters to be a record, is, of course, not an uncommon price. An agent who had purchased a dozen or so of *Odontoglossum crispum* at thirty shillings a score found one of his collection good enough to sell for a thousand pounds. Three of the same species, exhibited at an Antwerp show, were retained by their owner, in spite of an offer of £4000 for the trio. Mr. Warburton, of Haslingden, has, or had, an orchid of the same variety for which he refused a thousand guineas. The grower of the "Imperial" violet scorned the thousand-pound offer made for the exclusive right to grow this sweet-scented monster. Mr. Thomas Lawson, a Boston banker,



FRUIT DIET FOR THE HOSPITAL PATIENT: NURSE-COOKS OF THE LADY MARGARET HOSPITAL PREPARING FRUIT MEALS.

behind a heavy damask curtain. "But you have to walk in a cortège to supper with the imperial party," said the wife of the French Ambassador. "I don't care at all; I shall walk in my stockings," said the other. And she did.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



KING ALFONSO'S MODEL DAIRY FARM.

Following the example of several other royalties, King Alfonso has his private dairy farm. It is situated near Madrid, and is truly a "model" concern.



A FORTUNE-TELLER PATRONISED BY A CHINESE ROYALTY: LI-SING.

Li Sing, China's most famous fortune-teller, makes a specialty of advising as to the whereabouts of stolen property. His clients include the Dowager Empress of China.



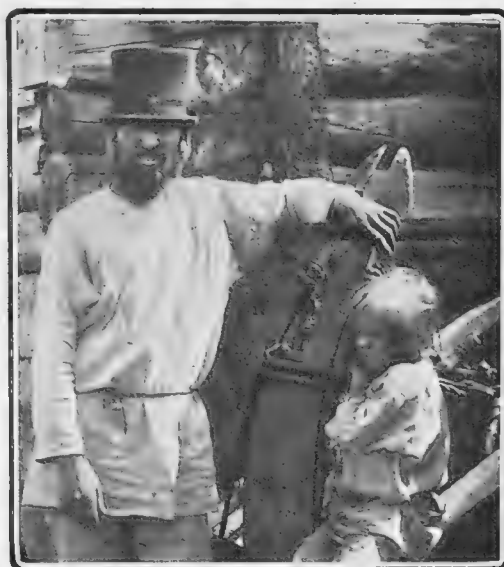
A FERRY-BOAT WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD: JEWS ESCAPING FROM RUSSIA TO ROUMANIA ACROSS THE PRUTH.

During the recent Jewish massacres in Russia, many of the persecuted people escaped, with as many of their belongings as they could gather together, to Roumania. The owner of the ferry-boat here shown, a Roumanian named Abraham Katz, is said to have made a fortune out of his ancient craft. He charged his passengers as much as £50 a head for ferrying them across the river, but for this sum took their goods also, hence the presence of the horse seen in the photograph.



A MODERN RIP VAN WINKLE: M. PIERRON, OF LUNÉVILLE.

M. Pierron, a commercial traveller of Lunéville, was arrested as a spy in 1891 while he was looking at one of the forts at Coblenz. He had all his papers on him at the time, including his brevet of officer, and, after a trial with closed doors, he was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for high treason. He was released the other day, to find himself a modern Rip van Winkle, the sole survivor of his family.



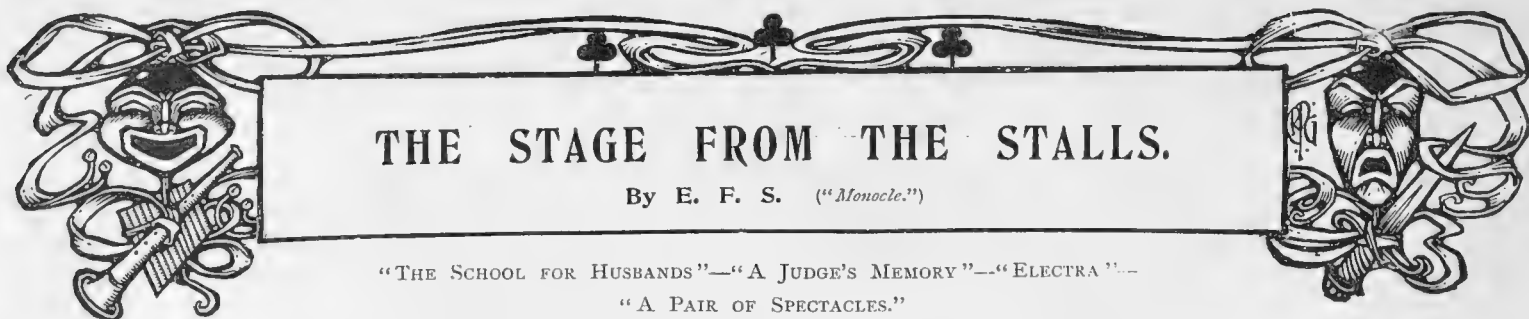
AN EX-CONSUL, NOW KNOWN AS "MERVA," APOSTLE OF THE NATURAL LIFE.

"Merva" was once Belgian Consul in the Dutch Indies, but five years ago he left everything to "return to nature," and founded a colony on the shores of Lake Maggiore. "Merva" has been touring fashionable watering-places in France in the hope of securing disciples. The members of his colony live on the produce of the earth, eat no cooked food, regard salt as unclean, sleep on the ground or a wooden platform, and allow their hair and beard to grow.



A PROPOSED HEAD-ORNAMENT FOR ST. PETERSBURG'S "SMART SET."

Mlle. Slavin, who is well known in Russia as a popular actress, is endeavouring to persuade the "smart set" of St. Petersburg to adopt head-ornaments of the same type as those worn by her. Her efforts seem to have met with little encouragement. Evidently the fashion is deemed too "barbaric" even for the evening, when "barbarism" of the sort is less apparent than it would be in the broad light of day.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS"—"A JUDGE'S MEMORY"—"ELECTRA"—
"A PAIR OF SPECTACLES."

A COMPARISON between the play of Mr. Stange, produced by Miss Millward at the Scala, and the "Electra" of Sophocles would, of course, be absurd; indeed, there is hardly a basis for comparison. Why? Not merely because Mr. Stange has not the genius of the author of "Edipus Tyrannus," but also for the reason that, like most American playwrights whose works are imported into England, he approaches the stage so humbly. The ordinary kind of costume piece, the rag-bag drama, is at the bottom of the ladder of the legitimate—accidentally, not essentially; but the accident seems almost inevitable. The efforts to suggest the eighteenth century by making people say "Stap my vitals," and causing them to bob, bow, and curtsy *ad nauseam*, by introducing persons of quality who gossip maliciously like the characters in "The School for Scandal," and by presenting the usual duel, the customary coward, the saucy chambermaid, and the like, become rather exasperating. In fact, it is a little difficult to write without bias concerning a work which, after all, may be amusing to the unsophisticated who will laugh at its traditional humours—though less noisily than the characters on the stage—and even appreciate its sentiment, and will delight in the costumes and the rushing about in Lady Manners's apartment. A disadvantage of the costumier-play is that as a rule the parts do not act very well. Miss Millward, for whose success all were anxious, played the character of Lady Manners very well, and showed a breadth of humour and a vivacity almost surprising to those whose memory recalls her as a charming Hero at the Lyceum, or as a lachrymose heroine of Adelphi dramas, but one could hardly say she was interesting, or that one cared twopence whether she won the love of her drinking, gambling, swearing spouse, of whose part Mr. Frank Cooper could make little or nothing. Mr. P. Cunningham was laughed at, not with, in his efforts to present the amazing Prince Assam, who seemed to have wandered into the Scala Theatre from some home of musical comedy. Yet he is an actor of real ability. Miss Dorothy Minto made a hit as a lively girl, and showed a very engaging vivacity as well as a tendency to some dangerous mannerisms.

Mr. Brandon Thomas's play, "A Judge's Memory," has many defects, among which excessive length is one of the biggest. I believe that if a quarter of it had been cut, the play would have delighted the house. It began quite well, though it was soon evident that no high degree of truth was aimed at; and Mr. Welch's story of his struggles in early life was interesting and pathetic, and the character would have been plausible if originally Mr. Frazer had been a small shopkeeper instead of a costermonger. So long as one felt or hoped

that he would be the real centre of the play, there seemed a chance of something novel; what a pity that afterwards he became merely the embarrassing father of the young officer who wanted to marry a girl of family! Still, up to a certain point, Mr. Welch was finely pathetic and comic, but all the reference to the "barrer," etc., jarred; he was incredible as the ex-costermonger, and bound to be incredible, and it was not necessary that he should have begun so low in the scale. No other person appeared to have been drawn from outside the theatre.

The Judge, a character in which Mr. James Fernandez gave an admirable performance, seemed quite unimaginable: our Judges may not be such monsters as some think, but to ask us to believe that one of them would enter into friendship with an ex-costermonger whom he had sentenced to five years for felony, in a case where there were apparently no extenuating circumstances, is extravagant, and the worse because old Mr. Frazer was a quite uninteresting fellow. In fact, one sympathised with the Judge's wife in her objection to having the old man as a guest in her house, or to accepting his son as husband for her granddaughter. It is a pity that Miss Wallis marred an excellent piece of acting by a touch of needless violence. A pity also it was that we had a little too much of Lady Judith O'Hara, since Miss Margaret Bussé played the part capitally—indeed, was one of the pleasantest representatives I can recollect of the typical (stage) Irish girl, even if somewhat lacking in restraint: had her part been more closely woven into the story it would not have appeared to be of excessive length. Miss Beatrice Terry played charmingly as the *ingénue*, though with a tendency to seem impassive; and Mr. Tully and Mr. Profeit acted skilfully.

The interesting revival of the "Electra," at the Court, is agreeable, in that it shows that there is a public even for classic drama. The work goes better than on the first

afternoon performance, there being a marked improvement in the chorus, which exhibits greater confidence and accuracy. Miss Wynne-Matthison's noble rendering is as good as before, and Mr. Henry Ainley is an impressive figure as Orestes. The other revival of the week is "A Pair of Spectacles," which replaces the unlucky "Alabaster Staircase." This ever-green work, the adaptation superior to the original, will be welcome so long as Mr. John Hare is present to give his delightful performance in the part of Benjamin Goldfinch, and it is to be hoped that he will always have Mr. Charles Groves as the man from Sheffield. Mr. A. E. Matthews acts in a pleasant, manly fashion as the prodigal nephew, and it is very agreeable to see Miss Kate Rorke in her original character.



"THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS," AT THE SCALA: MISS JESSIE MILLWARD
AS LADY MANNERS.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield

"BUN-STICKING" AT PRINCE'S.



MISS HARRISON WINNING THE TENT-PEGGING RACE AT THE OTTAWA SKATING CLUB CARNIVAL.

Tent-pegging on skates is carried out with the aid of buns and pointed sticks. Each competitor takes her (or his) stand before some half-dozen buns placed in line one behind the other, and at the signal to start skates down the line and picks up on the stick the last of the line of buns. She must then return to the starting-point, and repeat the feat until all the buns have been secured. The first home with her set of buns wins.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE SKETCH" BY FRANK HAVILAND.

A GENUINE RELIEF.



MR. TOOTS (*who, after three days of pain, has made up his mind to have a tooth out*): Is Dr. Pullen in?

PAGE: No, Sir.

MR. TOOTS (*with fervour*): Good! That is fortunate!

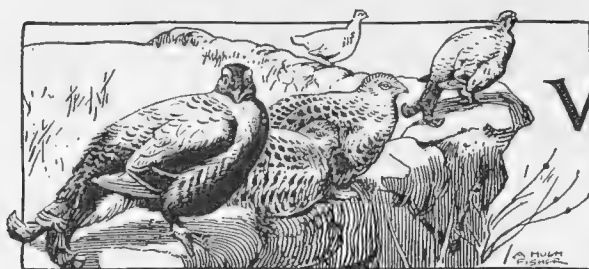
DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

A CANDIDATE FOR A LIQUID ELYSIUM.



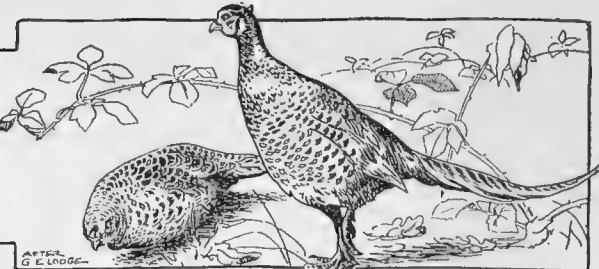
MILESTONE MIKE: What sort o' insect would you like ter be if you 'ad the chance, Sammie?
SOMNOLENT SAM: Why, one o' them rare 'uns wot they keeps in alcohol.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.



Plovers' Eggs as a Test of the Eyesight.

The plovers' eggs that come to the market about this time are a valuable testimony to the quality of the national eyesight. Of all birds the plover, who takes the least possible care, seems to secure the largest amount of protection against all who are not country born and bred. When the meadows are full of green plover, and everybody knows that they have started nesting operations, it is a little disappointing to the amateur to quarter field after field with the patience of a highly trained dog, and never to find a nest unless he chance to put his foot in one. The protective colouring of the eggs makes it almost impossible for any but a trained eye to note them. Even the country folk are less successful with the plovers' second clutch of eggs than the first, because as soon as the herbage in the meadows has sprung up a bit the eggs may well be invisible to almost any eye. Considering all things, the plover is not very much persecuted in England, and this is only right, for he is one of the farmer's most useful allies. Old country folk tell me of times past when green plover were netted much as quails are netted in Italy, Greece, and Turkey; but I have never seen the nets used in my part of the country, and few country folk seem to realise that the green plover, if he be treated well by a cunning cook, makes excellent eating. It must not be thought that all the eggs that reach London and are sold for plovers' would have yielded a real green plover had they been hatched. On the sea-coast eggs are to be found that bear sufficient resemblance to those of the peewit to be included among the genuine ones that are sent up to London, and many people think they are eating plovers' eggs when no intelligent plover would acknowledge the parentage. The redshank is the chief contributor to the work of deception that unscrupulous dealers accomplish.

The Plover in Eastern Lore.

By the way, it may not be generally known that the green plover, or lapwing, is quite a personage in Eastern lore. There is an old tradition among Mohammedans that when the great King Solomon was leading his armies through the deserts of Arabia he was much hampered by the Djinn (evil spirits), who sought to delay his passage by hiding all the wells and burying all the springs and streamlets

underground. In this extremity King Solomon called for Al Hoodbood, the lapwing, and she was so wise or so quick-sighted that she could see the water far below the ground and could direct King Solomon's engineers. The Koran contains many references to the plover, who holds the honour of having discovered the Queen of Sheba. Not only did this wise bird bring about the introduction of the King to the great Beauty of the East, but when Solomon was in danger of being too much fascinated, Al Hoodbood cured him by means of a trick and a revelation, a description of which would not, perhaps, be quite in place in these columns.



THE SKELETON OF AN 8 ft. 4 in. MAN: THE REMAINS OF THE FAMOUS IRISH GIANT, CHARLES BYRNE.

Byrne, who was known in London as the Irish Giant, died in Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, in 1783, at the age of twenty-two, his death being accelerated, it is believed, by excessive drinking and by his grief at the loss of almost all his property—a bank-note for £700, which he always carried with him. There is a story that Byrne lived in dread of the dissecting-table, and left money in his will for fishermen to take his body to sea and sink it. This, it is said, the men did; but meantime money had come to them from another source also, and they took good care to recover the body. The skeleton is now in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn.—[Photograph by Sturdee.]

The Discriminating Pigeons.

I noticed a curious instance of the wood-pigeon's discrimination the other day as I walked down a field in which the rye was coming up very satisfactorily. At the field's far end there is a cottage filled with noisy and early-rising children, and where the field led to the hedge I saw that tares were sown quite thickly with the rye. Perhaps I was the more pleased to see them because of the delightful colour they give to the land when they flower; but I was surprised, too, seeing that the rest of the field was given up to the rye. So I mentioned the matter to the farmer, and his explanation was a curious one. He told me that he had planted rye and tares together for an early cutting in the interests of his horses, and that the wood-pigeons, who love all vetches, had swept down upon the land and taken up every piece they could find up to a point within a few yards of the ploughman's cottage. They were kept from a nearer approach by their fear of the children, who were generally to be found in the garden. I asked him whether he had taken any steps to protect himself, and he said he had kept one of the lads on the fields all day armed with an old

flint-lock gun. The pigeons would assemble on tree-tops at a considerable distance from the field, and as soon as the lad had gone far enough from the rye-field they would descend, literally in their hundreds, and hunt for the tares. For some days he had kept up the unequal struggle; and was now resigned to defeat. "What with they pigeons and rooks, an' they rabbits," concluded the old farmer solemnly, "it's only chance times ye happen of anything on the land at all, to my thinkin'."



A LOFT USED AS A CHURCH: THE TEMPORARY PLACE OF WORSHIP IN THE MAIN STREET OF WEST WYCOMBE.

For some years past it has been the custom to transfer the services of St. Lawrence's Church, West Wycombe—which, standing on the top of a hill, is particularly exposed to the inclemencies of the weather—to a chapel at the foot of the hill on the advent of winter. Some two months ago, however, Sir Robert J. Dashwood, Bt., the patron of the living, gave orders for the closing of the chapel. As a result, the old building in the main street, known as the "Church Loft," has become the winter sanctuary of the vicar's flock. The loft was once licensed for public worship, so there is no difficulty on that score.—[Photograph by Park.]

FISH AS PETS.



PHYSICIAN AND FISH-TAMER: DR. R. FASTENRATH PLAYING WITH HIS FINNY FRIENDS IN LAKE LUGANO.

Dr. R. Fastenrath, of Herisau, firm in the belief that fish can be tamed while in a state of liberty, recently put his belief to the test in Lake Lugano. For several days running he entered the water morning and evening, and sat down near the shore, with his head alone above the surface, resting his hands upon his knees and holding in each of them a large piece of bread. This he did for an hour at a time, taking care to move as little as possible. At last some of the younger fish ventured to nibble the bread, growing daily more confident, and eventually the older fish followed their example. Before the experiment came to an end, the Doctor could move freely, and even handle his strange pets without frightening them away.

Photograph by Dr. Alfred Gradenwitz.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ANOTHER selection from the late Mr. Hutton's literary criticisms in the *Spectator* has been arranged and edited by Miss E. M. Roscoe, and is published in the "Eversley Series" by Messrs. Macmillan. The volume includes some fifty essays, and the author deals with his favourite subjects, notably Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, Sir Walter Scott, Walter Bagehot, and Clough. Necessarily, the book is something of a challenge, and, for my part, I cannot help regretting that the articles were not printed as they stood. Miss Roscoe has felt bound to change the editorial "we" into "I" in each case, therein following Mr. Hutton's own example. But the articles were written with a full editorial consciousness, and read best in that way. A critic in the *Academy* asks how Mr. Hutton obtained his eminence. "The *Spectator* has always possessed that fine reputation which is built on honesty and fairness and justice. But it never was clever, and Mr. Hutton himself was never more than a second-rate intellect." As to "second-rate" much depends on the number placed in the first class. Hutton had little or no literary ambition. If he had believed himself capable of writing a monumental work, he would have given himself less completely to his labours as a journalist. He laid immense stress on the ethical aspects of his theme. But surely there is room among the host of critics for one who adopts this special line.

The *Academy* critic revives the controversy about George Eliot. It must be confessed that Hutton's reverence and enthusiasm for George Eliot is hardly congruous with the present mood. It may also be owned that a certain elephantine quality bids fair to restrict her vogue in the future. At the same time, I must still think that comparisons between Jane Austen and George Eliot are merely futile. To say that "so immeasurably greater as a woman of letters was Jane Austen than George Eliot, that it is idle to institute any comparison between them," is unprofitable. The comparison should be deprecated because it is a comparison between two writers whose worlds were different. There may be sense in a comparison between Jane Austen and Susan Ferrier, but even in her earliest and perhaps her best work, "Scenes of Clerical Life," George Eliot entered a region which Jane Austen never discovered. If it is affirmed that Jane Austen succeeds more perfectly in achieving her end than George Eliot, then one may cordially assent. But George Eliot aimed higher than her great sister.

There cannot be much doubt that Mr. Robert S. Garnett has discovered some essays of Thackeray in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. He has collected them under the title "The New Sketch Book" (Alston Rivers), and written an introduction. The *Foreign Quarterly* passed into the hands of Chapman and Hall in 1841. About that period Thackeray had written "The Yellowplush Papers" and "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" and "The Paris Sketch Book." "The Paris Sketch Book" appears to have attracted the attention of the editor of the *Foreign Quarterly*, and Thackeray seems to have

contributed articles upon Victor Hugo, Balzac, Eugène Sue, and others. The essays are not remarkable. Thackeray could never be considered a great critic, but he could not write so much without leaving his mark here and there upon the pages, and the new volume is worth looking at. It has been pointed out that these articles have a peculiar interest, because they furnish the text for one of the numerous autobiographical references in Thackeray's novels. Thackeray has told us that Philip Firmin took "pretty much the career of W. M. T. in the first years of his ruin and absurdly imprudent marriage." This helps us to identify the *Foreign Quarterly Review* with that *European Review* which was founded by Sir John Tregarvan in Thackeray's novel. When prosperity came, Philip told his friend and biographer, Arthur Pendennis, that he one day took up an old volume of the *European Review* and came upon an article of his own,

"and a very dull one," whose existence he had long forgotten. "Well, Sir, Nobbles, Tregarvan, Teheran all disappeared as I looked at the text in the old volume of the *Review*. I saw a deal table in a little room, and a reading-lamp, and a young fellow writing at it, with a sad heart and a dreadful apprehension torturing him. One of our children was ill in the adjoining room, and I have before me the figure of my wife coming in from time to time to my room and saying, 'She is asleep now, and the fever is much lower.'"

Mr. F. J. Snell's book on the Blackmore country (A. and C. Black) is carefully done. One of the best parts is the account of Parson Chowne, described in Blackmore's "Maid of Sker." Parson Chowne, of Nympton-in-the-Moors, was the Rev. John Froude, of Knowstone-cum-Molland. He died in 1852, and was incumbent for forty-seven years. It was at Nymet-Roland that the naked people who bulked so largely in the "Maid of Sker" lived in semi-nudity and utter savagery in

an old cottage of clay, of which one wall had given way, so that in their only room grass grew on the earth floor. They continually got into trouble with the police, one of whom was felled to the ground by a girl of the family. Contrary to Blackmore's account, they were finely built, muscular, and strong. The patriarch of the race died at Whitstone, having spent his declining years in a cider-cask. The family was not completely dispersed till about 1860. They lived on their own ground, and could not be interfered with till financial difficulties arose which compelled them to give up possession.

As for the Doones, about whose existence there has been so much controversy. Mr. Snell favours the view that the rogues were a similar set to the Gubbinses and Cheritons, little communities of moorland savages, and that their rascalities, handed down from generation to generation, were magnified and distorted in every retelling. He also thinks that R. D. Blackmore may have seen some manuscripts in which the story of the Doones is told, and that for certain elements like the account of the great frost, and the mining and wrestling incidents, he may have been indebted to his grandfather, the Rector of Oare.—O. O.



SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY.

THE LADY IN THE BONNET: An' wot's yer dorter doin' now, Mum?

THE LADY IN THE HAT: She's still in service. Wot's yours?

THE LADY IN THE BONNET: Another little drop o' the same, thank yer.

DRAWN BY GEORGE BELCHER.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?



THE SOCIAL REFORMER: Is your mother at home, little girl?

THE LITTLE GIRL: N-o-o-w. Muvver's gone ter fight annuver lidy.

DRAWN BY FRANK ADAMS.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

ADAM AND EVE

BY OWEN OLIVER.



I DON'T blame girls for falling in love, because they've nothing else to do; but I can't see why fellows want to. They've cricket and footer and all sorts of things, without making asses of themselves.

Ted Johnson is an awful swell at cricket, and he plays footer for the county, so he hadn't any excuse for bothering about girls; but he went and got engaged to Violet, all the same. She's my sister, and four years older than I am. (I'm fifteen and in the lower fifth.) She's rather decent, for a girl, and I must say she never sneaks on a chap; but I shouldn't want to get engaged to her.

Anyhow, he did. He and Vi had just "fallen in love," as they call it, when I came home for the summer holidays, and they made awful fools of themselves over it. They had just fallen out when I came home for Christmas. The whole of both families made fools of themselves over that. My people said it was all his fault, and his people said it was all hers. So they all walked by one another with their noses in the air.

A chap has to stick up for his people, of course. So I cut them, too (the Johnsons, I mean); but I couldn't, for the life of me, see why a fellow need be engaged if he didn't want to, or a girl either, if you come to that—only girls always do.

It was a jolly nuisance, because Minnie Johnson and I were rather chums. I don't think much of other girls, because they're so silly; but Minnie isn't. She isn't quite so good as a boy at doing things, but she's sharper at thinking of them. It was she who gave me the tip to put wax on the back of Uncle George's high chair to fetch his wig off. There was rather a row about that. He was going to cut me out of his will, and the mater made a terrible fuss; but Minnie heard about it and came over to our house and told Uncle George that she proposed it. She got round him somehow. (Girls can.) He said she couldn't help it, because she was a daughter of Eve, and I was like Adam, "fondly overcome by female charm." It always puts him in a good temper when he makes a quotation. So it was all right afterwards—only they called us Adam and Eve.

A fellow has to stick up for his friends as well as his family. I wasn't going to be down on Minnie just because Ted and Vi had quarrelled. I went and whistled behind their back fence the first afternoon I was home, and she came out and stood on the big roller and looked over it (the fence, you know). I said "Halloa!" and so did she. Then we stared at one another. You don't get back to being proper chums with a girl all at once when you've been away.

"Well," she said at last, "you've looked at me long enough to know me. What do you think of me?"

"Your hair is redder than ever," I told her.

It's rather a nice reddy-brown colour, really; but it doesn't do to let girls think too much of themselves.

"I know a boy who likes red hair," she said, shaking herself like she does when she's savage.

"Who is he?" I asked. I meant to punch his head, because we'd always been chums, and I wasn't going to have any other fellow interfering.

"It doesn't matter to you," she said, "because I'm not to speak to you in future, mother says."

"Well," I told her, "you're speaking to me now, anyhow. If you don't want your mother to see, you'd better come this side of the fence."

I tried to catch hold of her to pull her over, but she got out of the way.

"It isn't red," she said.

"All right," I agreed; "it isn't, then. Come on."

So she jumped down, and we went and had a slide on the pond behind Brooks' Barn. Then we went to Mother Green's and had some tuck. (The governor had given me a tip.) Someone saw us there and told our mothers. There was a row, of course. My mater said, "Never let me hear of you speaking to that child again, or any of the family." Her mater said the same to her. So we decided not to let them see us.

The next day we went on the golf-links and made slides on the mud. (You can make a ripping slide on mud when it's half-frozen.) We thought we were safe from them all there; but we ran right into Ted. He was looking at something and shaking his head. He stuffed it in his pocket when he saw us, and held out his hand to me. I shook it before I recollected that we didn't speak.

"Glad to see you, old chap," he said. "I—er—this is a very unfortunate business." He gave a sort of groan. "No doubt it's for the best, but—" He gave another. "Well, I'm glad you two aren't bad friends, anyhow."

"We are," Minnie said. "At least I am. He says my hair is red."

He smiled a feeble sort of smile and pulled it—her hair, I mean. He's rather fond of Minnie. I daresay I should be if she was my sister, because she's the sort of sister a chap would like to have.

"Never mind," he said. "I know a boy who likes red hair."

Then he went off. I asked Minnie again to tell me who the bounder was, but she wouldn't. So I tried to think what I could say to aggravate her.

"Your brother is a silly cake," I said. "I bet that was Vi's photo that he was looking at."

She got in a rage directly, and stamped her foot.

"It wasn't," she contradicted. "He doesn't care a bit for her; and she's a beast."

"She isn't," I said; "and if you say it again I won't speak to you."

"She's a beast," she repeated directly.

I turned round and walked off one way, and she turned round and walked off the other; but somehow we met round the corner. I was going by without taking any notice of her, but she laughed over her shoulder.

"I know a boy who likes red hair," she said.

"He's a beast," I told her.

"Yes," she said; "he is! But if he took me out he'd take me home."

"Come along then," I said.

So we made it up again.

The day after we went to Delsham. I had a catapult, and made her one out of a lilac twig and some indiarubber that I cut out of a thing I took from Violet's room. They use it to hold up their dress. We were trying if they would break greenhouse glass, when who should come along the road but Violet! She was reading a crumpled old letter, and she put it in her muff when she saw us. I knew she wouldn't tell, so I didn't care.

She gave me some chocolate-drops, and offered some to Minnie; but the little beggar put her hands behind her.

"No, thank you," she said.

"It's about her brother," I explained. I knew she must feel pretty bad about it to refuse chocolates. (They were big ones, with sweets on top).

"Yes," Violet said, and gave a sort of sigh. "You are quite right to take your brother's part, dear; but—well, I'm glad you and Jack are friends, anyhow. Good-bye."

She walked on, and I looked at Minnie, and Minnie looked at me.

"If you call her a beast again," I said, "I won't speak to you; and I mean it."

"You ought to," Minnie agreed, "and I wasn't going to. Jack, that was one of Ted's letters; and she'd been crying."

"Rot!" I said. (She had, though!) "Vi wouldn't cry about him. She could get engaged to a dozen fellows if she wanted to."

"She doesn't want to. She wants Ted. That's just it."

"Well," I said, "there's no accounting for taste."

"No; I know a boy who likes—red hair."

"He's an idiot," I told her.

"That's just what he is," she agreed.

"A dirty cad!"

"No; he isn't that. He's only stupid."

"Then why do you talk to him?"

"Because I like him."

"Then he can take you out to-morrow."

"All right," she laughed. "But you've taken me out to-day. So you may as well be agreeable. I'll race you to the sign-post."

So we raced. Then we had another practice with the catapults. I hit a can that a milkman was carrying, and she hit the man. (Girls never can aim straight.) So we had to race again. You should have seen the chap jump!

Mother and father were out when I got home, so Vi gave me my

[Continued overleaf.]

OUR SPORTING SUPPLEMENT.

THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.



I.—TRAPPING WHELKS ON THE SHORES OF THE CASPIAN SEA.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

N.B.—The Editor of "The Sketch" prefers not to accept responsibility for the sporting intelligence of his Special Artist.

tea. She was very agreeable and talked to me about Minnie. She was a dear little thing, she said, and I mustn't quarrel with her, whatever I did.

"Girls are different from boys, Jack dear," she said. "They say things sometimes and don't mean them, and pretend they don't like people when they do, and make out they like other people when they don't. If Minnie ever pretends she likes someone else better than you, don't you believe her; and if you ever quarrel, make it up again directly. People ought to."

"Umph!" I grunted. (My mouth was full of muffin, and I hate being preached at.) "Then why don't you make it up with Ted?"

You never know how girls will take things. I'm hanged if she didn't begin to blub, and ran right out of the room. I couldn't make it out at first, but I saw it before I had finished the muffins. She wanted to be engaged to him again!

I told Minnie about it next morning. (It was Christmas Eve.) She said I was right "for once"; and she'd tell me something too. "Ted wants to be engaged to her again."

"Then why don't they?" I asked. "Nobody wants to stop them that I can see."

"They're both obstinate," she explained—"like you are!"

"I can't be 'both,'" I objected.

"No," she agreed; "I meant myself too."

I will say there's one thing I like about Minnie. She'll always take her share of the blame.

"Yes," I said; "you are. You haven't told me about that fellow who—who likes red hair."

"No," she said; "why don't you find out for yourself?"

"You can't find out what other people like," I objected.

"No," she said; "that's how it is with Ted and Violet. If they knew how the other one felt about it they'd make it up directly; but they don't."

"Let's tell them," I proposed.

She shook her head.

"They wouldn't like us interfering," she said. "We ought to make them find out for themselves. If only one of them would get ill or something, and they thought they were dying—like they do in books—and they got well again—— You know what I mean?"

I grinned.

"You'd better put poison in his tea," I suggested.

"Donkey!" she said.

"I meant it for a joke, of course," I explained.

"Donkey!" she said again. "Of course you did. I'm not joking; and I know what we *will* do. You tell Violet that Ted wants to speak to her about something very important; and he would be very much obliged if she would meet him—let me see—in Delse Lane—by the big oak—at three this afternoon."

"Oh!" I said. "That's his game, is it?"

"No!" she said. "How very stupid boys are! He doesn't know anything about it. I shall tell *him* that Violet wants to meet him there."

"Umph!" I said. "I may be stupid; but I've sense enough to know he won't believe that. Violet would cut off her head before she'd ask him. She isn't the sort to run after a fellow."

"No—o," Minnie said; "she wouldn't. You're not quite stupid, except about that boy who—likes red hair!" She laughed till I had to shake her. "I know what she *would* do, though. I'll tell him that you told me that she always walked to the oak about three; and you believed it was because she thought he might be there."

"Umph!" I said. "They'll find out in five minutes that we've been stuffing them."

"They'll find out something else in five seconds," she said. "They're better at finding out things than you are!"

I caught hold of her arm, and shook her again.

"Redhead!" I called her.

"He likes it," she stated.

I twisted her arm a little. She said I hurt it, so I had to let her go; but I knew I hadn't. A girl always gets the best of a fellow.

"I don't care," I told her. "You said he was a beast, and that shows what you think of him."

"I didn't mean it," she said; "and you've made my wrist all red where you held it. Look!"

"That's nothing," I said. "Anyhow, I didn't try to hurt you. You *did* mean it; because you wouldn't say things about a chum to another fellow."

She went quite red, and looked pleased.

"That's nice of you," she said. "No, I wouldn't, Jack."

"You aren't chums with me either," I said, "or you'd tell me—— Look where your claws scratched me." (It was a tiny little scratch; but girls always make a fuss about those things.)

"Oh!" she cried. "How horrid! Yes, I am chums. I—I'll tell you—when they're engaged again."

"Straight?" I asked.

"Straight," she promised. So I knew it was all right.

Ted danced Minnie round the room and gave her a florin when she told him. Vi went red, and smiled—and kissed me. (Ugh!) I can't make out why girls will slobber a fellow.

"I don't know that I shall go," she said. "He's no right

whatever to ask such a thing; and mamma would be dreadfully cross. I *really* can't—— Are you sure it was three? And by the oak?"

"It doesn't matter if you aren't going," I said.

"Don't be mean," she begged. "You've been such a nice, kind boy, Jack; and I'll give you a shilling—— Tell me?"

"Three o'clock," I said, "by the oak. Thanks."

I bolted before she could kiss me again.

Minnie and I hid behind a tree, and saw them go into the lane. We waited half an hour before we went down there. He had got his arm round Vi (she pulled it away when she saw us), and they were grinning like Cheshire cats!

"Hulloa!" I said. "Quarrelling again?"

"You're not supposed to speak, you know, you two," cried Minnie. She wagged her finger at them. (She *did* look an impudent little wretch.)

They grinned all the more.

"You young—story-tellers!" Ted said. (He'd have said something different if the girls hadn't been there, you bet.)

"You *dears*!" Violet said.

"I suppose you're engaged again?" I asked.

"Thanks to you two," Ted said.

"Umph!" I growled. "That's a pretty thing to lay at a fellow's door."

"I *am* so glad," Minnie said, "because—I shouldn't like to quarrel with—with anyone—who liked me."

She said it in a soft sort of voice, as if she was grown up, and hung on to Violet's arm for a minute. It reminded me of the way she used to look and talk when I was getting well from my accident. She is a kind little sort.

"I know a boy who likes—a girl," Violet said.

"A girl with red hair," Ted added.

Minnie shook her mane and laughed.

"Come on, Jack," she said; "they don't want us."

So we ran off. When we got round the bend in the lane I caught hold of her.

"You've got to tell me," I said. "You promised to."

She breathed loud in a shivery sort of way, and twisted her hands together as if she was frightened of something.

"Don't make me," she begged. "Don't make me, Jack. Couldn't you *guess*?"

I puzzled my head thinking of all the fellows she knew, and then I caught her looking at me out of the corners of her eyes. (You know how girls do.)

"Me!" I said. "*Me*! Of course I do! But it isn't red hair, Min, not really. It's——"

I took hold of some of it to see what to call it. It fell all over her face, and she looked at me through it, as if she was in a cage. (You needn't say I said so, but she's a jolly nice-looking girl.)

"It's—what?" she asked.

"It's—yours," I said. "That's good enough for me. I'll never call you Redhead any more. There's nothing red about you."

"Oh-h!" she said. "Isn't there?"

She looked up at me with her head on one side, and a funny little pout.

"Red mouth," I said. "I know a boy who likes——"

I expected she would box my ears, but she didn't. I believe girls like that sort of thing.

Anyhow, they're jolly artful. You should have seen the way Violet got out of the chaff and put it on us when we got home. Minnie and I caught them up and went in with them to see the fun. Ted and Violet had hold of one another's arms. So Minnie and I took hold of arms to make game of them.

Father put down his pipe and stared; and mother held up her hands and said, "Oh-h!" And Uncle George laughed.

"Umph!" he said. "So you're going to run me in for a wedding present, after all, you two?"

Ted looked idiotic, but Vi only laughed.

"Which two?" she asked, and nodded her head at us.

"Pooh!" said Uncle George. "I've known all along I'd have to give one to Adam and Eve!"

So, of course, they laughed at us instead of laughing at Ted and Vi. It made me feel an awful fool, and I was half a mind to bolt; but Minnie was looking as red as a carrot, and it wasn't likely I was going to make it worse for her.

"Rather," I said. "I'm not such a fool as to quarrel with my—with my——"

I stopped rather short, because I was in a bit of a hole.

"Come," said Uncle George, "you aren't ashamed of her, are you?"

I don't know that I'd have said it if he hadn't said that, because I hate to be soppy; but I wasn't going to let anyone think I was ashamed of old Minnie.

"Sweetheart," I said.

They giggled more than ever; but Minnie tossed her hair back and laughed and looked at them as if she didn't care a button.

"Yes," she said, and didn't she just squeeze my arm!

It was pretty awkward for us at the time, but it turned out a good thing afterwards, for Uncle George went out to the town after tea and came back in a cab with two bicycles. They were engagement presents, he said, for Adam and Eve!

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



ON Saturday evening Mr. Frederick Harrison will revive "The Man from Blankney's," with Mr. Charles Hawtrey in his original part and supported by many of the original company. Among the ladies and gentlemen engaged are Mr. Henry Kemble, Mr. Holman Clark, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, Mr. Arthur Playfair, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith; Miss Maud Wynter, Miss Dagmar Wiehe, Miss Alice Mansfield, Miss C. Ewell, Miss Lydia Rachel, and Miss Fanny Brough. It will be noticed that Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude have arranged to begin revivals on the same evening.

It is remarkable how many revivals are before the public at the present time. At the Comedy we have "A Pair of Spectacles"; at the Garrick, "Brother Officers"; at the Haymarket, "The Man from Blankney's"; at the New, "The Scarlet Pimpernel" (which, by the way, will be played for the four hundredth time on Saturday); at the Waldorf, "The Heir at Law"; and at Wyndham's, "The Candidate."

This evening, it will be remembered, Sir Charles Wyndham revives "The Candidate," the politics of which have been revised and brought up to date, the Labour Party having taken the place of what, in the old play, used to be the Independent Party. Certain changes have been made in the cast, the most notable being the substitution of Mr. Rutland Barrington for Mr. Henry Kemble as Barnabas Goodeve, the part which used to be acted by the late Mr. William Blakeley.

The domestic note in the theatre, which is always so interesting from the playgoer's point of view, is still further emphasised by the engagement of Mr. Gilbert Hare at the Comedy, where he is playing in the piece which precedes "A Pair of Spectacles," in which latter play, by the way, Mrs. Gilbert Hare (Miss Helen Luck) acts. When Mr. H. B. Irving appears at the Lyric in his version of "Jeunesse," for which no title has at present been found, Mrs. H. B. Irving (Miss Dorothea Baird) will also appear.

What playgoer is there who, appreciating fine acting and remembering how often he has witnessed it in the various performances of Miss Lena Ashwell, will fail to extend to her every possible good wish that when, at Easter, she enrolls herself among the actor-managers of the West End she will remain in permanent management? It is not

endowment, but with a high ideal and a purpose not less lofty than that of the other managers of the serious theatres of London.

Sketch readers will hardly need reminding that Miss Ashwell is associated in this enterprise with Mr. William Greet, who will specially charge himself with the business side of the work, leaving her to control the artistic portion. The first production will be "The Bond of Ninon," written by Miss Clotilde Graves, the cast of which has been arranged for some time.

It will probably be nearer the beginning of April than next Saturday, as was originally contemplated, before Miss Edna May—looking, if possible, more radiant and more beautiful than when she last acted in London—will be seen at the Vaudeville in Captain Basil Hood and Mr. Charles Brookfield's modernised story of Romeo and Juliet, "The Belle of Mayfair." It will be Miss May's first original part since "The Schoolgirl," which also owed its music to Mr. Leslie Stuart. In "The Catch of the Season," however, in which Miss May won a remarkable success on the other side of the Atlantic, much of the play was new; and in the second act especially she had greater opportunities for acting than fell to the lot of the original representative in London. For the moment, as may be imagined, Miss May's time is fully occupied with rehearsals, which are demonstrating to her the pleasant opportunities which her new part will give her.

The present revival of "She Stoops to Conquer" has evidently belied its name, for in two days Goldsmith's famous comedy will be withdrawn to make room for George Colman's "The Heir at Law," which will be put into the evening bill on Saturday, the 24th inst. Naturally, the cast will be the same as that with which the comedy was given yesterday afternoon.

In spite of the fact that "She Stoops" has not conquered the great mass of the playgoers, the revival has drawn satisfactory houses, and could have been continued for some time longer. In that case, however, with matinées of "The Heir at Law" there would have been no time for sufficient rehearsals of "Shore Acres," which, in accordance with his present intention, Mr. Maude will make his next production. The transference of Colman's comedy to the evening bill will leave four days a week free for the necessary preparations of the famous American play, which has been adapted to England by having the locality transferred to Cornwall. If this play achieves a tithe of the success it enjoyed in America, it will be a long time before Mr. Arthur Morrison's adaptation of his novel, "Cunning Murrell," which he is making for Mr. Cyril Maude, can be produced.

It is a curious thing that there are at present on the London stage two actors and an actress named Maude. They are Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Charles Maude, and Miss Katherine Maude, to whom many of the daily papers have erroneously given the Christian name of Kathleen. Priority of place and position naturally belongs to Mr. Cyril Maude. Mr. Charles Maude, who came originally from Mr. Tree's Academy, and has got on remarkably quickly in the short time he has been on the stage, is his cousin. Miss Katherine Maude, who is playing Francesca, the nun in "Measure for Measure," at the Adelphi, is, however, not related to them, although her family name is the same as theirs.



TO DANCE IN THE LONDON COLISEUM'S REVUE:
SEÑORA GALIMBERTI VITTORINA.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

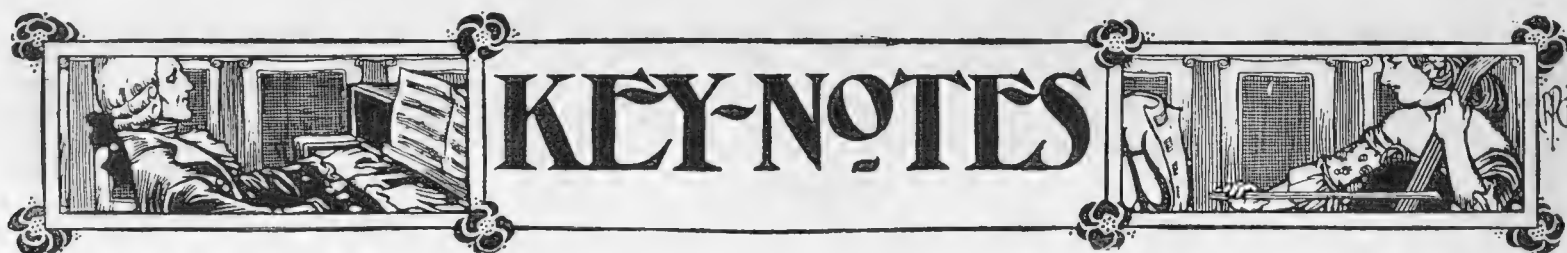


STUMP ORATORY ON THE STAGE: MR. ALFRED LESTER AT THE PALACE.

"It don't seem right to me to make us pay a penn'orth o' tax for drinking a penn'orth o' tea."

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

without a special significance that Miss Ashwell has acquired the Savoy Theatre, seeing that for a long time it has been directed by women. The theatre has, it need hardly be said, stood for all that is best in English light opera, and its rich traditions of excellence are certain to be maintained by Miss Ashwell, who starts, what is practically a new phase in her career not merely with a splendid



MUSIC, it would seem, despite some lamentable exceptions, is an art which tends to longevity. It is true that in the case of Mozart his somewhat sudden death before he had attained his fortieth year—precisely the same fate which overtook Mendelssohn—makes a break in the general rule. Nevertheless, the birthdays of two distinguished musicians of the present time may remind us that as a rule music does not wear out the brain so speedily as many another art. For example, Mr. August Manns has now attained his eighty-first birthday. He has probably done more than any other musician in England towards furthering the cause of really high-class and serious music. We read that between the years 1855 and 1896 no fewer than a hundred and ninety-three German, Italian, French, and British composers were represented in his programme. When one adds that fifty-two of these representative musicians were of our own race, it will easily be perceived how nobly Sir August Manns has worked in order to bring this country back to a much higher artistic level than that on which he found it those many long years ago. His well-known friendship with Sir Arthur Sullivan resulted in the production of many works by that great musician at the Crystal Palace. Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and other well-known composers of our country have found in Sir August Manns an enthusiastic yet discerning patronage.

Another anniversary to which reference may be made is that of Mr. Manuel Garcia, who has just celebrated his hundred-and-first birthday. It is no wonder that one may refer to the longevity with which music seems to endow so many men when one is set face to face with the extraordinary examples of the fact to which the present writer has referred. Garcia invented the laryngoscope. It is well known that that instrument has not only proved an inestimable boon to musicians, but that it has been of the greatest use to the science of medicine. When one comes to think of the matter, it seems perfectly astonishing that Garcia was alive when Napoleon had achieved his greatest conquests, that he had taken his settled position in the world when Goethe died, that he was a hard-working man at the time of Beethoven's death, and that his recollection of the Peninsular War is as fresh as that of any contemporary who can remember the incident of the war in South Africa. Nearly eighty years ago Garcia made Paris his home; nearly sixty years ago he came over to London and became a Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, retaining that position until only some ten years ago. It is not likely that such a record will be broken; it is, however, very pleasant to remember that his Majesty the King, on the occasion of Garcia's centenary anniversary of his birth, conferred on him the decoration of Commander of the Royal Victorian Order. In this case time seems to have no possible significance. To be able to walk abroad in the streets, to entertain, to converse casually with your

friends when you are a hundred years old reminds one of Jacob's immortal sentence addressed to Pharaoh: "Few and evil have been the days of thy servant; I am a child of a hundred years."

We are reminded by a contemporary of the drawbacks which may happen to any musician who attempts to do too much work.



MISS BEATRICE FORMBY, THE VIOLINIST, WHO PLAYS AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

Miss Formby, who appears at the concert given at the Bechstein Hall this afternoon by Mme. Frickenhaus, is a pupil of Señor Artos, with whom she studied for four years. Her technique is said to be brilliant, and her method most sympathetic.

Nikisch, so we learn, has resigned the position of Chief Director at the Leipsic Opera House, on account of the unsatisfactory condition of his health. It is no wonder that such a sad event should have taken place, for his labours seem to have been perfectly abnormal. He has been in the position of Director at Leipsic for a matter of only a year, but when one reckons up the other work which he is engaged upon, it is no longer wonderful that he found his position too much for him. Apart from his duties as conductor at the Opera House, he managed the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipsic, the Philharmonic Society in Berlin, and the Concert Orchestra at Hamburg. It has also to be remembered that he is a Director of the Leipsic Conservatory, and that he has been taking in quite an army of pupils for private lessons on the subject of conducting. One is extremely sorry to hear that Nikisch is not in good health; but it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and we are bound to say that we have not the slightest sympathy with any school which undertakes to turn out conductors by the hundred. It baffles imagination to think what Europe would be like if every year some thirty or forty qualified conductors from an eminent school were turned adrift upon the world. The very idea of some three or four thousand conductors running about various countries attempting to get positions because they had been trained in a special school is so

ridiculous and impossible that it should be relegated to Mr. H. G. Wells as the substratum of one of his most scientific novels. We are sure that it would make a magnificent catastrophe.

The London Symphony Orchestra was conducted the other evening by Mr. Charles Williams in one of his own orchestral concerts. The playing of a not very well known but very charming Mozart Overture was exquisite, and Mr. Williams conducted it with singular sympathy

and skill. Dvorak's Concerto in D minor for 'cello and orchestra was included in the programme, and Mr. Arthur Williams was the solo 'cellist. The work is curiously characteristic of Dvorak, because in it he expresses possibly more definitely than in any other composition of his, with the exception of the so-called "Nigger Symphony" ("From the New World"), his feeling for exact rhythm, a feeling which can only be found in its full expressiveness among the Czech races, in which, of course, Russia must be included. The work was played magnificently, and in certain most poetic passages the band gave a really wonderful interpretation. Mr. Arthur Williams was excellent throughout.

COMMON CHORD.



THE GOVERNOR OF MADAGASCAR'S NATIVE BAND.

The native band of the Governor of Madagascar arrived at Marseilles the other day for the opening of the Colonial Exhibition, which will take place on Easter Sunday. It is made up of 26 natives, the leader of whom gained the first prize for flute-playing at the Paris Conservatoire.

Photograph by Bandouin.



THE REMARKABLE GROWTH OF THE MOTOR UNION—ITS MANIFOLD COMMITTEES AND THEIR WORK—SUCCESSSES AT QUARTER SESSIONS—
MAINTENANCE A BOGEY—A MEDICO'S TESTIMONY—THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION AIDS THE LAW.

AN advance copy of the annual report of the Motor Union of Great Britain and Ireland has come into my possession in time for comment before the annual general meeting of that body, which is to be held at the Agricultural Hall on Wednesday next, 28th inst. The growth of the Union, as set out by the figures in this report, is nothing short of astonishing; for while the membership reaches at the present moment the huge total of 11,265, it is the yearly increases of 1904 and 1905 which are the most remarkable. At the end of 1903 the roll numbered 5146; at the close of 1904 this figure had become 7265, an increase of 2119; while twelve months later the membership had swollen to the gross figure given above, being an increase of 4010 in the twelve months of last year. Turning to the number of clubs and organisations included in this Union, I find the total amounts to 64, as compared with 27 in 1904 and 40 in 1905. A prodigious growth surely, and eloquently suggestive of the power that automobilism is likely to become.

In connection with the manifold labours of this body there are no fewer than six Standing Committees—to wit, the General, the General Purposes, the Finance, the Legislation, the Legal Cases, and the Highways Protection Committees, whose several work is sufficiently denoted by the foregoing nomenclature. The legal and legislative work of the Union has increased enormously during the past two years, a huge number of inquiries as to the intent, operation, and administration of the Motor Car Act of 1903 pouring into the central office. The Legal Cases Committee have also been instrumental in affording free expert legal advice and information to hundreds of members and others all up and down the country, while in many cases where action could be, and was, taken with benefit to the whole motor community, financial assistance has been rendered. Then, again, no fewer than fourteen applications for absurd speed-limits have been fought, and by the efforts made and evidence tendered by the Union four were refused point blank; two appeals for entire prohibition were modified to five-mile limits, a six-mile application was extended to ten, and in one case no decision has yet been announced. In Scotland the Union has not been so successful, chiefly on account of the motor-phobia of a certain prominent Scotch Government official.

In eighty-three appeals to Quarter Sessions the Union has achieved thirty-four successes, and the convictions of the lower Courts were quashed. In seven cases the penalties were reduced, one appeal was abandoned, and one failed on a technical point. In connection with the Royal Commission on Motor-cars, the Report of which is still unrepresented, the Union undoubtedly did yeoman work. The energetic and talented secretary, aided, of course, by the joint Club and Union Committee, presented an important mass of evidence to the Commission, and so far as the Report, when it does appear, may be favourable to motoring,

the credit is certainly to the Union. The marshalling of the forces of motoring in connection with the late General Election was also well performed by the Motor Union. The motorist who is not a member of this energetic body is false to himself and his cause.



AN ORDINARY CYCLE TURNED INTO A MOTOR-CYCLE AT WILL: THE TRACTO-CYCLETTE.

The engine of the tracto-cyclette is portable, and can be fixed to any cycle. Should the petrol-supply be exhausted, the engine can be detached and placed in safe custody, while the rider can pedal the machine in the ordinary way without having to combat the additional weight of the motor. The tracto-cyclette develops one-horse power, weighs just over 65 lb., and can travel at the rate of 25 miles an hour.

Photograph by Branger.

Maintenance is a bogey that frightens a good many folk off motoring, particularly medical men, who fear that the upkeep and deterioration of a motor-car are likely to cost them a good deal more than horses. And yet all the medical men I have met who have taken their courage in both hands and plunged upon the self-propelled carriage would not go back to the equine mode of progression though teams and relays were offered them. Of course, this all presupposes a good, reliable car to start with; and nowadays, when good, reliable cars are obtainable at a reasonable figure, and expert advice is ready to hand, there is no reason why anything else should be bought.

As an instance of the expense for repairs, etc., likely to be incurred when a soundly built car is used by a medico in his daily practice, I would cite a letter written by Dr. H. P. Barlow to his local agent, of whom he had purchased a two-cylinder 10-horse power Argyll. The Doctor wrote enclosing a cheque for something less than seven pounds, saying, "Excluding washing, this is all the car has cost me during the past four months, November-February. During that period I have used her very nearly every day and in all states of the roads and weather. Having had the car for two years and run some thousands of miles with only one stop, and that for some trifling ignition defect which was soon put right, I think the above speaks well for the reliability of Argyll cars."

In a previous note I have said a good word for the Motor Union, and now I should like to bring prominently before the notice of my readers a modest little association which is doing good work out of all proportion to the amount of support accorded it. I refer to the

Automobile Association, whose pride it is to warn motorists against breaking the law, particularly in the neighbourhood of those wholly un-English institutions, police-traps. Only the other week-end a certain well-known main road running out of London, in a south-western direction, was dotted with police-traps for quite twenty-five miles, but so earnest were the endeavours of the Association scouts that few, if any, motorists broke the law on that road upon that particular afternoon. Now, many motorists profit week after week by the Association's thoughtful admonitions, and if only those who were warned in time to prevent them from evil-doing would send a guinea



A REAL ONE-HORSE-POWER MOTOR: THE INGÉNIOUS INVENTION OF A PARISIAN WORKMAN.

The horse pushes the vehicle by means of traces fixed at the rear of the chassis, and his speed is controlled by two spurs worked by a lever. The car is guided in the same manner as a motor-car, but the ordinary type of brake is replaced by a disc fastened on the nose of the horse and controlled by a pedal, by which the animal is made to stop. The place usually occupied by the petrol-tank is filled by a bin, from which the horse can eat while the car is stationary.

Photograph by Branger.

to the Secretary of the A.A., 10, Fleet Street, E.C., the law-abiding work of the Association, which relieves the police of much anxiety and saves the time and the pocket of the motorist, could be largely amplified and extended.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE DOUBLE—CLERKS OF THE COURSE AND TIC-TAC-ING—A STORY—SOME OWNERS AND THEIR BUSINESSES.

QUITE the average amount of interest has been provoked by the Lincoln Handicap, and it is just on the cards that the race will be attended by more than the average excitement. Many people, going on the principle that a good autumn horse becomes a good spring horse, are backing Velocity. He had won the Cambridge-shire easily at a mile, and it was only after that distance had been covered that he began to tire. Barcelona Park has been struck out, so that Velocity is likely to be the sole horse of the stable. Dean Swift will be Moreton's best, although he had a sort of dried-up appearance in the autumn. He does well at home; but up to now has been a veritable Yellow Jack in public. Csardas is said to be the best of the Newmarket lot. If so, he has little to spare from Holme Lacy on the book. I should not be surprised to see Roseate Dawn backed on the day, and this horse may go close. For the actual winner I shall still stick to Dumbarton Castle, who has class on his side; and those who discover a line through Nabot for some of the other candidates must not overlook the fact that The Castle left Nabot standing still, so to speak, in the finish for the Stewards' Cup two years back. I am convinced that the winner of the Grand National will take a deal of finding this year, as there is no bright particular star in the field. If the Cranborne people run both John M.P. and Drumcree, I shall take the latter on my side, as I do not think the M.P. could get over the country. Comfit, who will be the mount of Mason, is almost certain to stand up, and the same may be said of Dathi, if the latter does not give way for Phil May. I am told Ranunculus is doing well in his work, but I think he has too much weight. I for one shall be disappointed if Timothy Titus does not win.

It is well known that some of the news agencies adopt the tic-tac method of sending winners from the course to the nearest telephone-station, thereby beating the telegraph service by many minutes. Now, can it be believed, some clerks of the course are trying to stop this bit of smartness, and put forward the plea that it interferes with their gate takings! The late Mark Price held the same absurd view in regard to sending out the starters and jockeys on the club tape-machines before races were run, and he even went so far as to have the weighing-room windows frosted so that 'cute reporters should not see the weighing-out proceedings from the outside. Needless to add, the Radical clerk of the course, who had taken a hand in the Hyde Park railings scene, relented in the end, and we got runners and winners quicker from Manchester than from any other racecourse. One of the big cricket-grounds in London put the bar up to the tape-machines for some years, but the enterprising managers of the news agencies took rooms outside the ground, and their man, by the aid of field-glasses, saw all, and sent details into the newspaper offices on the second. And here I digress to tell a little story. A certain committee-man of the Surrey County Cricket Club called at my office some years back, and I offered to bet him a pair of gloves that if a Surrey man

were caught in the long field by a stranger, I should know the catcher's name in my office before he could obtain the information in the pavilion on the ground, and he agreed with me. The tape has done cricket no harm. Indeed, it has kept alive the interest in the game, and the same can be said of racing. Further, if the public can send off winners from the course by tic-tac, why should not the tape companies be allowed to do the same? It is absurd to suppose that people are going to be kept without important details just because some officials think it is possible, by withholding these, to make racecourse crowds bigger.

It is interesting at this stage of sport to notice some owners who nominated horses in the Lincoln Handicap. Mr. F. Alexander, the owner of Andover, is interested in brewing. Mr. Prentice, who owns Dumbarton Castle, is on the Stock Exchange. Mr. C. J. Cunningham, who owns William's Hill, is a Scotch ironmaster. Mr. E. Bonner, who has nominated Coxcomb, is an Essex brewer; Mr. T. Worton, the owner of Scrambler, also owns some public-houses. Mr. A. Belmont, who owns Lord Hastings, is a big American financier. Mr. J. B. Joel, who owns Dean Swift, Chestnut, and Ravilious, is interested in South African finance, as are Mr. L. Robinson, the owner of Roseate Dawn, Mr. Sol Joel, the owner of Avebury, and Mr. Heinemann, the owner of Achilles. "Mr. Jersey," the owner of Vergia, is Mrs. Langtry, the well-known actress; while Mrs. H. V.

Jackson, the owner of Velocity, is a rich Irish lady whose husband owns Desmond's Gift. Mr. P. Nelke, the owner of Aspendale, is a stockbroker; so is Mr. Dresden, the owner of Galantine. Mr. D. Faber, the owner of D'Orsay, and Mr. G. Faber, the owner of Fircastle, are Yorkshire bankers. "Mr. H. Keswick," who owns Csardas, is said to be Mr. C. Morley, who was at one time a well-known jockey. Mr. J. Hare, the owner of Uninsured, used to be in the service of the London General Omnibus Company. Mr. McCreery, who owns Grandiflora, and Mr. F. L. Craven, the owner of Sir Daniel, are rich Americans. Mr. A. Stedall, the owner of Kolo, is the mantle-merchant in the City. R. Sherwood, the owner of Wolfshall, is the 'cute Newmarket trainer. M. Euphrussi, the owner

of Ob, is engaged in Parisian finance; while Sir E. Vincent, the owner of Rievaulx, is the leading authority on the finances of Egypt. Lord Westbury, who owns Holme Lacy, is fond of a plunge, and the same may be said of Lord Dalmeny, the owner of Caravel. Sir J. Thursby, the owner of Standen and Park Ranger, is interested in coal-mines and the coal-carrying trade of Lancashire. Lord Dudley, the owner of Mida, was at one time a keen racing-man, but he prefers yachting and golf to the sport of kings now. Mr. F. Longstaff, the owner of Catty Crag, is a well-known Midland sportsman. Mr. P. Gleeson, who nominated Cortona for the race, was at one time a well-known boxer.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



A LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER PULLING HIMSELF TOGETHER FOR A SUPREME EFFORT.



A LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER SUFFERING FROM COMPLETE EXHAUSTION.



THE EXPRESSION OF A SPRINTER IMMEDIATELY BEFORE REACHING THE TAPE.

THE FACE OF THE RUNNER AS PORTRAYED BY A SCULPTOR.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

DIRECTLY anyone makes a lucky coup at Monte Carlo and the news leaks out there is a sympathetic rush to the favoured table, and would-be winners surround the lucky individual, waiting to follow his play with the blind belief of the gambler in "a run of luck." Lord Westbury provided a little excitement of the sort about a week ago, winning a hundred and twenty thousand francs at roulette, and the latest "lucky Englishman" found his play carefully followed for days until a rising star—in the person of an American who bore off about double that sum at *trente-et-quarante*—caused a diversion in the fond superstitions of the "chronic" contingent. But though Luck is a fickle jade, it is curious to notice how certain numbers and combinations recur again and again before disappearing for days, and if one only hits off the series and "follows one's luck" great results frequently repay courage. One day last season I saw a stolid Teuton keep steadily doubling on *noir*, which had two runs of fifteen within an hour. His pockets were well lined when he left for lunch at *Ciro's*. But then it required a certain amount of tenacity to keep on backing his fancy; and supposing the same quality had led him to back *rouge*!

And talking of Monte Carlo one really need not go there this spring to see eccentricity displayed in headgear. Our grey London streets provide quite as much highly coloured excitements of that sort at present. Never was millinery more unspeakably eccentric, or, it may be added, more charming. The wedge-shaped creations or cockle-shells that we perch upon our undulations are infinitely pert, and in most cases becoming. The picture-hat is, thank

goodness, having a well-earned rest; but the large hats of the mode are excellent, and so various besides. A few years ago, for example, when jam-pot crowns came in, everyone from Northumberland to Land's End wore a jam-pot crown. The following season inverted saucers had a nauseatingly monotonous vogue. But to-day we strike out in all directions, and everything but the flat hat of our worn-out past passions is admissible and admired. How much better, also, we have learned to wear our love-locks. This matter of hair-dressing has a first importance in the successful arrangement of millinery, and up to a few years ago received all the



AN EVENING-GOWN IN PALE PINK.

[Copyright.]

attention it deserved. In this connection, by the way, a booklet entitled "How to be Beautiful" is worthy of notice, inasmuch as it is published by the International Hair Company, of 10, Newman Street, Oxford Street, which specialises in the production of artistic and becoming fringes, toupees, and, last, but by no means least, in

"transformations." I protest I have seen absolutely plain and dowdy women raised into the empyrean where charming women exist beautifully by the mere purchase of a judiciously suitable "transformation." Why, then, should any remain plain when the open sesame of 10, Newman Street is so accessible? Only through



[Copyright.]

A DARK BLUE CLOTH TAILOR-MADE.

want of knowledge, surely; and now that reason, to *Sketch* readers at least, can no longer exist, especially when backed by the seductive appearance of the sketch on the next page—but one of many in the "Book of Beauty" aforesaid, which is, by the way, sent to anyone on application, post free.

A graceful style of tailor-made is indicated in the dark-blue cloth with black-braided white silk revers designed by our artist this week. The front panel and shaped corselet belt are in one piece, and a white hat, much befurnished with black and white plumes, finishes it off. Number two is a delightfully pretty pale-pink evening-frock. Little wreaths of roses trim the bodice, and several series of graduated flounces account satisfactorily for the skirt, which is cut very full and wide, after the present fashion.

The Parisian Diamond Company, not content with introducing the finest pearls and most brilliant diamonds to a grateful generation, have now undertaken to supply in coloured gems. Ruby, sapphire, and emerald that defy the detection of experts shed added lustre on the Company's already scintillating reputation, and the connoisseur in antique or modern jewellery will also find here the most exquisite enamels, equalling in purity of colour and smooth lustre the finest examples of mediæval art. Diamonds set in translucent enamel take on a new attractiveness, and some of the Parisian Diamond Company's new designs in brooches, earrings—now so fashionable—and pendants are things of real beauty.

An advertisement lately appearing in the principal papers produces an unusual effect, as it makes people who look at it immediately want

to sneeze—the sketch, which shows a man in the preliminary stage of that startling act of nature, is so realistic. As a matter of mere fact, the said picture cleverly advertises an excellent cure for that unromantic ailment known as a cold in the head. Formawn Inhaler



A GOOD CURE FOR COLDS:
A BOX OF FORMAWN.

for severe colds, and Formawn nose-wool for the usual sniffy visitation, are all-powerful cures as well as preventives of the various ills large and small which we group under the heading of Influenza. All good chemists now keep Formawn. All good housewives should speedily do likewise.

That our grandmothers had the secret of keeping precious china intact, the cherished possessions they have left us abundantly testify. Perhaps they had abnormally careful domestics in those days, or perhaps our dear old forebears never used their "best" except on

high days and holy days, who can tell? The old folk gain in view of our breakage bills, which seem out of all proportion even to Sarah Jane's skill in smashing. Facts remain, however, and one is driven to cheap earthenware by the very clumsiness of the pantry people when one's soul often yearns after porcelain. *Hausfrau* and hostess will therefore equally rejoice to hear of a new departure, called "Silicon China," which resembles in appearance the finest and most expensive china, and is decorated in an appropriately rich and artistic manner, yet costs but a trifling proportion of the price of an ordinarily good dinner or breakfast service. Booths, Limited, of the Staffordshire Potteries at Tunstall, are responsible for this last and best product of English inventiveness. So, from the patriotic, the economic, and the artistic standpoint one is equally impelled to the purchase of Silicon china.

With the terrible time of spring cleaning in view one is constrained to overhaul one's belongings and cast a careful eye on the shabby spots, which the strong spring sunshine mercilessly finds out. "The man in the gap" in this connection is distinctly Aspinall. Those delight-

ful decorative enamels, those hat-polishes, those metallic paints, that water-polish for boots, and, above all, that stain and polish combined, of Aspinall's own secret recipe, which turns bare boards into the most realistic oak, satin-wood, mahogany, walnut, malachite, or ebony at will, are all necessities. The stain is really the crux of spring cleaning. With highly polished floors we have a sound basis on which to build up improvements, and these are possible, both indoors and out, in a hundred different directions since Aspinall's enamel first made its delectable appearance.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BLONDE.—You have probably used ordinary soap on your hair, thus drying the scalp and making the hair harsh. Never do that; it ruins the hair and causes scurf. The Javal Shampoo Powder is the best possible preparation; it softens the hair, makes it brilliant, and does not dry the scalp. I have also heard the Javal Hair Tonic much praised.

COUNTRY DANCE.—You could not have a prettier model for your fancy dress of that period than the first dress worn by Miss Winifred Emery in "She Stoops to Conquer," at the Waldorf. SYBIL.

Although his lecture upon income tax applies more particularly to its relations

PRESENTED TO THE ROYAL NAVAL YACHT CLUB, COPENHAGEN, BY THE CHANNEL FLEET.

The trophy consists of a solid silver vase, having handles representing the prows of ancient galleys. The lid is surmounted by a naval crown and is decorated on the front with the monogram of the club. The pedestal is of oak, with silver dolphin heads. It was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths, and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent Street, London, W.

to joint stock companies, the subject of Mr. T. H. Fry's discourse at the Institute of Directors this afternoon is one which interests us all, from the King down to all but the smallest of wage-earners. The King, like the rest of us, pays his tax; so did Queen Victoria, to the end of her days. Her income tax for the last year of her life was little short of £3000. The tendency is to see that companies do not pay less, but more. The De Beers Company has had rather a shock in this connection. If the late Lord Ritchie's experience was typical, there must be a good many firms trembling in their corporate shoes.

One firm of which he knew made no declaration. "Make them pay £3000," said an assessor. "That's preposterous," said another; "they would never pay." "Don't believe it," was the reply: "put on £50,000." That sum was actually demanded, and the firm paid without a murmur.

Every year sees Society spending more of its time, especially at this period of the year, on the Continent. Not only the Riviera, but the winter-sport resorts in Switzerland, are enjoying a record season, while, thanks to the royal romance and our Sovereign's visit, Biarritz has never been so gay. The sunny town so dear to the France of the Second Empire has always had an English colony, and there the British sportsman can often enjoy a good run with the Biarritz and Bayonne Foxhounds, of which the popular Master, Comte Louis de Gontout Biron, is a friend of the King. Foreign royalties jostle one another in the South of France, and the Sovereigns there include the King of Sweden and the King of the Belgians, while British royalties have congregated at Nice to be present at the opening of the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital.

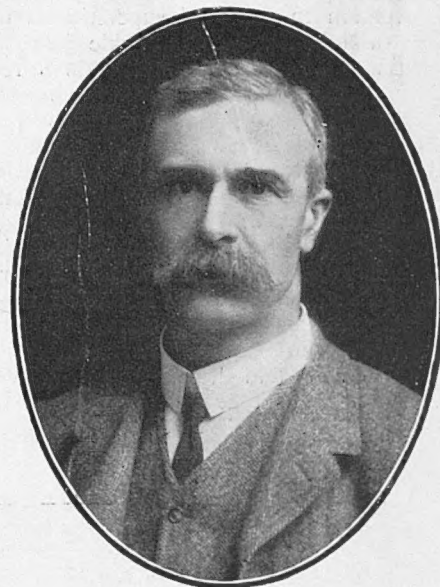
The rapidity with which reward comes when a play that is out of the common is produced is demonstrated by the case of "The Maker of Women," by Miss Edith A. Browne, which formed part of the triple bill given by the Dramatic Debaters at the New Royalty Theatre on Feb. 25. It has been bought for the Royal Theatre, Amsterdam, through the agency of the International Copyright Bureau, and as soon as it can be rehearsed it will be done at that theatre.

Although the popularity of "Cinderella" has scarcely exhausted itself, yet, in consequence of arrangements which have previously been made by some of the leading artists, Mr. Arthur Collins is compelled to withdraw it at the end of the week. Meantime, Christmas prolongs itself at Birmingham, where Miss Ada Reeve is still acting at the Theatre Royal.

Messrs. Anthony Treherne are to publish next autumn "The Literary History of the Adelphi and its Neighbourhood," a work upon which Mr. Austin Brereton has been engaged for some considerable time. The volume will be as exhaustive as possible, and Mr. Brereton has obtained access to some unique material. The illustrations will include views of the Adelphi at different periods, Garrick's house as it was when Dr. Johnson visited it, the library of Samuel Pepys, and the Fox under the Hill, associated with Dickens.

In excellent time for those who propose to take a cycling holiday at Easter comes a booklet on Humber cycles and motors. It is fully illustrated, and gives hints on the selection of a good mount, illustrations of the Humber Company's cycles, motors, and accessories, and details of the company's terms of business. The booklet can be obtained from Messrs. Humber, Limited, Beeston, Notts.

The river-man will be interested to hear of the foundation of the Phyllis Court Club, Henley-on-Thames, which has been started to provide a headquarters for social and sporting life on the Thames and a rendezvous for the Henley Regatta meeting. It is intended, in a word, "to promote all sports, pastimes, and pleasures connected with the river, with such accessories as to render the club an agreeable river and country resort for members and their friends." Particulars can be obtained from the honorary secretary, Mr. R. Gedyne Finlay, Phyllis Court, Henley-on-Thames.



THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. ERRICKER'S REPUTATION": MR. THOMAS COBB.

Mr. Cobb's latest novel has met with very considerable success. It is published by Mr. Alston Rivers.

Photograph by Russell.



AN ADMIRABLE "TRANSFORMATION" MADE BY THE INTERNATIONAL HAIR COMPANY.

(See preceding page.)

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 26.

RETROSPECTIVE.

THE quick-change programme being performed at Algéciras has been very disconcerting to the Stock Markets, and everybody heartily wishes the affair over one way or the other, especially as it has a very intimate bearing on the great question of Russian default. If Morocco can be satisfactorily settled, the chances are that the French and German bankers will, for their own sakes, come to the rescue of the Tsar's Government; but should the Conference break up without an agreement, the purse-strings of both Paris and Berlin will be tied very tight; hence every rumour of the successful negotiation of the inevitable Russian loan makes all the world jump at the conclusion that matters have been arranged at Algéciras, and the two affairs march hand in hand.

Last week we understood that everything was arranged, but the ink was hardly dry on our copy before the whole position was upset. To speculate on the outcome is as foolish as it is unprofitable; only the Emperor William can know what will be the result, and it is certain he won't tell. What a chance for a big bull or bear deal these Kings sometimes have, and how lucky for poor investors that their ideas on these matters differ from those of the magnates of finance—such as John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, and the rest!

During the week money has been very tight, and the stringency has been much aided by the piling-up of over nineteen millions of Government deposits in Threadneedle Street. If a certain amount had been judiciously lent by the Government brokers, it would have been a great help to the Money Market and a profit to the nation.

The air is full of promotions and issues. Several Canadian ventures will see the light shortly, and a Uganda rubber venture has been underwritten to work the first of the great rubber forests in the Protectorate. We hear that the Colonial Office is very exacting in the terms it insists upon for the protection of the investor, a point which will, no doubt, commend itself to the public subscriber.

HOME RAILS.

Looking at our "Old Moore" for March 1906, we find that "there will be great activity on the Stock Exchange, especially in Home and Indian Rails." The prophecy, no doubt, refers to the end of the month, because up to the present the activity in both these classes of securities has been merely what one would call mild. Firmness in the Consol Market, coupled with good trade, good traffics, and good prospects, should have influenced Home Rails much more than has been the case up to the present, and we are forced to delve deeper into the prevailing factors in order to ascertain the reason for the apathy with which the public continues to treat this market. And, without any desire to mingle politics with finance, the conclusion is pressed upon the observer that the new Government has much to answer for in the way of checking Stock Exchange business in home industries. Brokers find that their clients decline to invest or to buy Home Rails speculatively until it is seen whether the Labour Party intend to tamper with taxation of land values, the hours of labour or the scales of wages. Consols maintain their strength, despite the hardness of the Money Market and the apprehensions regarding Algéciras, so it would be idle to throw the blame of the Home Railway lassitude entirely upon these two causes, although each, of course, had a deterrent effect, from which Consols escape by reason of the anticipated retrenchment policy of the Liberal Administration. Moreover, it is all very well to talk of Home Railway stocks yielding high rates of interest just because the returns work out at $3\frac{3}{4}$ to 4 per cent. on the money. Such returns are high only in comparison with what past times have accustomed us to, when the field of competition was nothing like so wide as it is now. In good trade, however, the Railway Market will find its strongest support, and we reiterate the opinion that the best-class stocks are all worth having, with the further reiteration of our warning to readers not to have anything to do with options or other gambling schemes, however attractively guised.

ELECTRICITY SUPPLY SHARES.

Brief mention was made last week in these Notes with reference to the flatness of electric-lighting issues, and the attractive returns to be obtained from several of the best-class Ordinary shares in this department. It may, perhaps, be well to set out the cause for the

depression, because the clear statement of a case sometimes assists in the formation of a clear judgment upon it. First, then, the vast size of London has long made our city a mark for the attention of those who see handsome profits in the establishment of some one source of electric-current supply. London at the present time is electrically lighted and supplied with power by a number of companies that have still about five-and-twenty years of life remaining before they can be taken over by the local authorities. These undertakings possess their own stations and plant for the manufacture of the current, and supply a moderately satisfactory service at reasonable cost. The private erection of one enormous central station, capable of producing electricity at very low rates, would perhaps do the existing Companies little harm, since the central Company would sell current to them in bulk and they would retail it, as now, to their customers, making a profit on the transaction. Consequently, the various power schemes promoted by private syndicates are not necessarily detrimental to the present concerns. But if the London County Council succeeds in its intention to supply electric power, a very different situation would be created. The reckless extravagance of the Council, its omnivorous hunger for municipalisation of every description, its power and its disregard of vested interests, are factors which loom unpleasantly large before the minds of electric-lighting shareholders. This, in brief, is the present position, and while our own impression remains that the shares are mostly cheap at their depressed levels, the elements of uncertainty are obviously disturbing.

KAFFIRS AND LABOUR.

Kaleidoscopic changes in the Kaffir Circus continue to follow the various assertions made in the House of Commons with reference to the labour problems. We have heard many Stock Exchange members fulminating against the Liberals. We have heard many more who

blame the Opposition for goading the Government into treating the Chinese question more sharply than they would have done had it not been for the Unionist baiting that compelled them to linger over a subject they might willingly, gladly drop for a season. The market is the sport of the political factionists, spoilt by being dragged into the arena of controversial debate. Only shareholders are left to bewail their fate at being saddled with shares for which they paid higher prices: the open bull account has become reduced to negligible proportions, and the

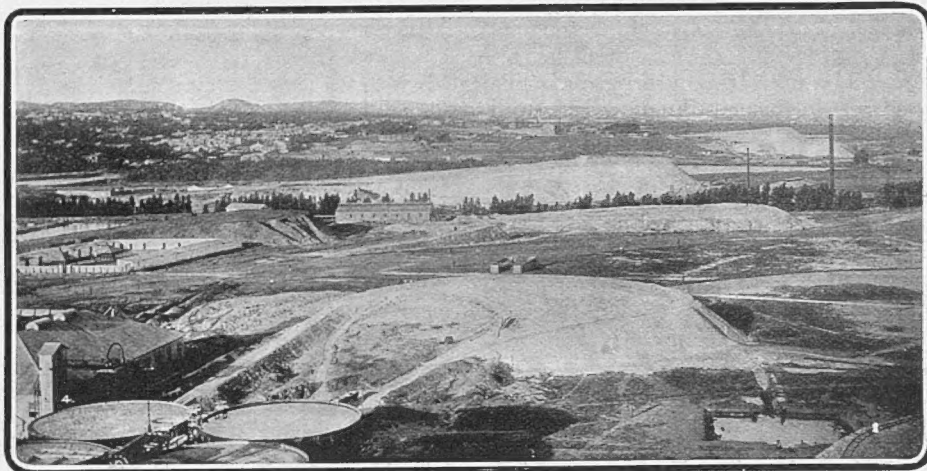
carry-over rates at each settlement are farcical as tests of the actual state of the position. Some folk talk as though the industry were killed for good: as though there will never be a real Kaffir Market again. This is, however, taking a very exaggerated view of the matter. So long as gold is to be obtained from the Rand and its surrounding districts, so long will speculation survive. Prices may go lower yet, and the complete absence of the public tends to confirm the impression that market bears are certain to revert every now and again to the successful banging tactics which produce the slumps. In the long run, however, a solution of the labour question must inevitably be found, whether in India or elsewhere we should not care to prophesy. But when the present tyranny is overpast, the Kaffir Circus will infallibly revive once more, though the process of recuperation may be a long one.

THE RIVER PLATE TRUST AND OTHER THINGS.

Those who appreciate the beauties of a 7 per cent return on their capital, and are not afraid of a liability which is little more than nominal, might do worse than acquire a few of the "A" shares of the River Plate Trust, Loan, and Agency Company. The shares are £2 paid, and the dividend last year was $18\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., giving a return of just over 7 per cent at the current price of £54. With regard to the liability, the chairman remarked at the recent meeting that practically the whole of the liability of the Company was for £850,000 of Debenture Stock, while the capital and reserve fund amounted to £1,100,000, which must all be lost before the shareholders could have any loss in consequence of their liability for uncalled capital. As the capital is invested in mortgages, Consols, and other first-class securities, the chances of its being all lost are somewhat remote. Some people, however, may prefer the "B" shares, which are fully paid and return $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. at £4. In addition to paying an increased bonus for last year, the Directors have raised the reserve fund to £400,000, and the chairman expressed the hope in his speech at the annual meeting that prosperous years would enable them to continue to pay a bonus, and that before very long they might feel justified in calling that bonus a dividend.

To turn to quite another field, a very good Industrial investment which can be bought to pay over $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is the shares of the John Wright and Eagle Range Company. The £1 shares stand at about £3; and the Company has just paid 20 per cent. for the seventh consecutive year. Besides paying these handsome dividends, the Company holds investments which stand in the books at £88,900, but whose market value is in excess of that figure. Notwithstanding keen competition, the profits for 1905 amounted to £54,800, as compared with £53,700 in 1904, showing that the Company is holding its own.

There has been a little more animation recently in Argentine Land Companies' shares, notably in Argentine Southern Lands and in Santa Fé and Cordova Great Southern Lands. In this connection the merits of Argentine Land and Investment



VILLAGE MAIN REEF: BIRDS-EYE VIEW.

5 per cent. Pref. shares, which now stand at about £4½, should not be overlooked, nor the fact that the final dividend for 1905 will be declared next month. For 1904, 5½ per cent. was paid, the fraction being on account of arrears, which amount to 28s. 6d. per share. It will be disappointing if a somewhat larger distribution is not made on this occasion, and as the value of the Company's assets in land, mortgages, etc., is much in excess of the market price of the shares, these last seem very cheap at the price now ruling.

March 17, 1906.

FRENZIED FINANCE.

If any of our readers who are interested in financial subjects desire the most interesting—we may say, enthralling—book that has ever been published, we can cordially recommend to their notice Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance," published by Mr. William Heinemann. Whether all the contents are strictly accurate makes very little difference to the interest and excitement of the story, which holds the reader from the first page to the last, without a dull moment. Of the accuracy of the larger part of Mr. Lawson's representation of the "Haute Finance" of America there can be little doubt, of the fact that the savings of the many go into the pockets of the few, none at all; and the *exposé* of the methods by which this undesirable state of affairs has been brought to a fine art is masterly. Whether any effectual remedy can be invented, and, if so, what that remedy may be, are matters open to controversy, but the charm of Mr. Lawson's book lies in the exciting narrative. The Boston Gas fight, the Utah Copper deal (whereby Clark, Ward, and Co. and the celebrated Samuel Untermyer, of American Brewery fame, were defrauded of the best part of a million sterling), the Amalgamated Copper promotion, and the way Rogers, Rockefeller, and the Standard Oil gang fleeced not only the public, but their associations as well, all make up so entrancing a narrative that a reader who, having once opened the book, can put it down until the last page is reached, must be of an exceptionally phlegmatic disposition.

In the States they do things upon a grand scale, even in the matter of robbery; but let no reader of Mr. Lawson's book imagine that the same sort of thing, in a lesser degree, and in by no means so effective a manner, is not done in London, Paris, and Berlin. The methods so graphically described in "Frenzied Finance" are well known and often practised in Europe; but the manipulators are not so clever, nor have they, as a rule, the same millions at their disposal. We say again, read the book; we promise you will enjoy it, and probably will not go to bed till it is finished. One thing at least is certain: no man could write such a book here and keep out of prison himself without the persons he accused suffering for their crimes.

Saturday, March 17, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor," The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

UNCERTAIN.—The Preference seem a fair investment, but we do not exactly like the look of things electrical, with the many schemes before Parliament for supplying power and current in bulk at low prices.

OXON.—Everything depends on the terms of your trust deed and the powers you have as to investment. (1) Very much depends on what you think the present Government will do, and how far they will make things worse in South Africa. (2) A fair investment. (3) Probably safe, but the Company has too many guarantees about. (4) Send us an extract of the investment clause of your trust deed, and we will advise.

INCIPIO.—The following should suit you: (1) River Plate Gas, (2) United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. Debentures, (3) Argentine Land and Investment Preference, (4) City of Mexico Bonds, (5) U. S. Debenture Corporation Preference stock, or National Discount shares. As to the Bank, have nothing to do with it.

P. D.—Your letter was answered on the 15th instant.

CURIOUS.—The Industrial appears a fair investment, but we prefer John Wright and Eagle Range or Babcock and Wilcox shares. Neither of the mines seems attractive; the West African one is at nearly rubbish price, and the market knows very little about it.

ISCA.—If you will take the risk of the present state of Russia and can afford the speculation, it is likely to turn out well in time, but it may be a long time.

C. B. H.—Your letter was answered on the 14th inst.

R. G.—See answer to "Incipio." B.A. and Rosario Railway Ordinary stock and Ohlson Cape Breweries Pref. should be added.

LIP.—We do not advise purchase. West Coast rubber has never proved a success, and from Liberia nothing good has come. The situation and the people connected with the concern account for the hostility.

OASIS.—The Spanish mine is in the speculative stage and cannot be compared with the Australian. There is more room for profit, and for loss also. One is a game, the other a mining investment.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The cross-country business is dying hard, but the majority of racegoers will be glad once more to enjoy sport under Jockey Club rules. There should be good sport at Haydock Park this week, when some of the following should go close: March Steeplechase, Onward; Golborne Hurdle, Ruysdale; County Hurdle, Sarto; Glazebrook Hurdle, Love Slave; Newton Steeplechase, Extra Hack; Club Steeplechase, Old Fairhouse. There should be a big crowd at Lingfield. I fancy the following: March Hurdle, Henley; Welcome Steeplechase, H. T.; Grinstead Steeplechase, Dam; Felcourt Hurdle Race, Wargrave; Gentlemen Riders' Steeplechase, Little Tom; Rowfant Hurdle, Duke Royal. With regard to the Lincoln meeting we must go slowly, as I have not seen the horses for some time. I like Snowflight for the Bathany Plate and Tariff for the Northern Welter. The Elsham Plate should be won by Crepuscle. I like Bowery for the Hainton Plate, and Ardeer ought to capture the Brocklesby Trial Stakes.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.



When the Hair Falls

Many a man and woman, too, is mourning and lamenting over the loss of hair who might, and ought to be rejoicing over thick glossy locks. The question might reasonably be asked, "What are you doing to assist nature in making two hairs grow where only one grew before?" for of course nature must be assisted with a hair grower based on the scientific principles when the hair falls. When your health gives way you do not complacently leave all to nature. You take the best

MEDICAL ADVICE

obtainable, and act up to it. The same common-sense principle applies to the hair. Take only the best medical advice obtainable and the advice and treatment of those who have themselves gone through and successfully combated the trouble you are yourself concerned with. Now concerning scientific treatment for falling hair, that well-known practitioner

Dr. COOKE says:

"I can speak in high terms of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' 'TATCHO.' No other treatment for the hair in my opinion can compare with it. I have recommended 'TATCHO' to hundreds of patients and non-patients." Another well-known practitioner

Dr. HAMILTON,

writing from the Grosvenor Club, Bond Street, W., confirms Dr. Cooke's opinion with the following:

"I consider 'TATCHO' a most excellent preparation for the Hair." Now if any support were needed to Mr. Geo. R. Sims' claim for "TATCHO" when in his interview with the Editor of the "Daily Mail," he stated "In 'TATCHO' I have discovered a remedy capable of

WORKING WONDERS,"

surely such expressions of opinion coming from noted medical men are worthy of the most serious consideration. "TATCHO" cured Mr. Geo. R. Sims. "TATCHO" has cured thousands who have acknowledged their indebtedness to Mr. Sims' discovery. "TATCHO" will cure you.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims'
GREAT HAIR-GROWER
TATCHO.

"TATCHO" is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the world in bottles at 1/-, 2/6 and 5/-

**WALKING IS THE KING OF EXERCISES,
AND THE**

"MAJESTIC"

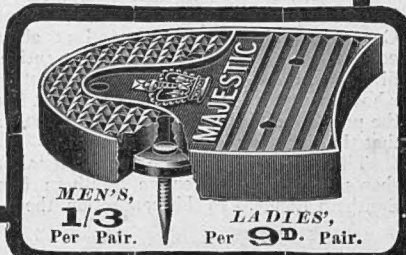
RUBBER SHAPED CUSHION HEEL

MAKES IT THE MOST LUXURIOUS.

WEAR NO OTHER.

"Majestic" Heels are made of new virgin rubber by-shaped to fit the foot for comfort, elasticity, and durability. They are unapproached by any other foot cushion at a similar price.

Of all Bootmakers, or send P.O. and outline of heel to the manufacturers,
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